

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The next MEETING will be held at SWANSEA, and will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 9th of AUGUST, 1848.
JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer.
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London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 65, Cornhill.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*Edwards.*

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Man and his Motives. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. London, 1848. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

DR. MOORE is already well known to the public by his two former highly interesting treatises. The present forms a sort of sequel to the others, inasmuch as it is based upon the same views of human nature. In the following proposition the sum of his philosophy is compendiously stated:—

Man is not a natural production, and the elements of earth are not sufficient for his completion. He is an embodied spirit, and from the source of his existence he must derive those supplies which may fit him to fulfil the purposes of his creation, and satisfy his capacity for knowledge and happiness.

The plan of this work is not only philosophical, but religious. Finding in God and Immortality alone a key to the riddle of existence, and motives sufficient to set in action the complicated faculties of the human soul, and fill the measure of its desires and affections, Dr. MOORE has sought to direct his readers to the doctrines set forth in revelation, not only as containing the authentic commands of the Creator, but as furnishing the sole method of supplying the wants of the created spirit.

The volume is pleasantly written—the style, like that of its predecessors, unaffected, and level to popular comprehension; the views it contains sound; the advice sensible; and the spirit by which it is animated truly Christian and catholic. The author has, perhaps, erred in being too diffuse, the ideas being sometimes repeated in such a manner as to weaken their impression. Nevertheless, as he writes with the earnestness inspired by a felt reality, the reader's attention is kept alive throughout.

"What is a soul?" says Dr. MOORE. "It is yourself." Its various faculties, as they are called, are but modes of its operation. It is in itself indivisible. Thus:—

With regard to the habit of viewing the mind as so many distinct faculties, we may say with Locke, "This way of speaking has misled many into a confused notion of so many distinct agents in us, which had their several provinces and authorities, and did command, obey, and perform several actions as so many distinct beings; which has been no small occasion of wrangling, obscurity, and uncertainty, in questions relating to them." We would not quarrel with those who, in studying mental manifestations, divide these manifestations as if distinct from the mind itself; things must have names in order to be scientifically considered; but we may well object to a nomenclature that, instead of indicating the mere instrumentality of organisation, represents the organs as one with the faculty evinced through them, and thus not only divides man into thirty or forty cerebral sections, but makes him nothing more than a piece of mechanism, with about as much responsibility as a locomotive or a mill. In discoursing of faculties and susceptibilities, we only refer to objects of sense or thought, and to their effect upon us, for all our experience, either intellectual or emotional, depends on the nature of the soul in relation to other beings. When, for instance, the benevolent man sees another injured, it is not a sentiment that is sympathetically pained, but the man himself, who, ac-

ording to his character, exerts his faculties, and, like a good Samaritan, sets about relieving the sufferer, for whom he feels, because constituted with a nature in like manner susceptible of injury and suffering.

One of the objections frequently urged against phrenology is its supposed tendency to materialism. Such an objection with reference to any of the bodily senses would be as valid. Because the eye is the appointed medium of the mind's vision while it yet dwells in the body—because, with the loss of sight certain ideas cannot any longer be conveyed to the mind, it does not follow that the mind has lost the power of receiving them. The spirit with regard to the body may be compared to one imprisoned in a gloomy building, situated in a country full of wonder and beauty. The bodily organs, in which we include what are called the mental organs (for properly speaking these are *bodily*, and not *mental*, mind being inorganic) are chinks and slits in this building through which glimpses of the glory and the mystery of the surrounding scenery are discovered. Close up any one of those chinks or slits and the number of the views is diminished; demolish the whole building, and in its complete beauty all is made manifest. Such at least is what we conjecture of death, that birth of the soul into a higher life. But there is a condition without death that would seem at least slightly to approximate to this. In a state of clairvoyance, either natural or artificial, a state which would seem to be caused by the temporary destruction, partial or entire, of bodily influence, the mind seems to act independently of the body, no longer restrained in its operations by the physical laws of time, space, and matter. Phrenology and mesmerism appear to afford the fairest promise we have yet had of a science of human nature in its double and only complete aspect of body and spirit. We have ourselves no practical acquaintance with the phenomena of either phrenology or mesmerism. One of the chief reasons which has inclined us to believe in both is the key their mutual development appears likely to afford to much that is unexplained in nature, and their apparent consonance with the doctrines of the Bible. As no one truth can ever be inconsistent with another, there can scarcely be a greater proof of shallowness of mind than the determination to condemn *a priori* any thing as false. Such a procedure would seem rather to be the result of a cowardly scepticism than of an enlightened faith. Those who are possessed of an earnest conviction that they have the truth, know that it is not in the power of aught to harm it. On the contrary, they know that discoveries of every description will only serve to make it clearer. Patiently, faithfully, and fearlessly, they await the dawn of every new light: with the humility befitting their ignorance, they hesitate to pronounce any thing impossible; cautiously examine every new fact; and behold with joy each new segment fitted into the incomplete circle of truth.

Dr. MOORE's views are peculiarly adapted to the nature of man, as, not separating that which in this world is inseparable, he has united in his considerations psychology with physiology. He thus defines the moral and mental constitution of human nature:—

For the purpose of obtaining a succinct and simple view of the prominent peculiarities of our mental and moral constitution, it will probably be sufficient to consider man in relation to his pleasures. In this view we must, in fact, include both his desires and endowments, since he can desire only what he may believe shall contribute, either directly or indirectly, to his pleasure; and he can attain

this end only by such means as are placed within his power. Thus by studying our inclinations and aims, we shall learn what is essential to our happiness, and ascertain whether we are employing our faculties in a manner calculated to secure our ultimate satisfaction. Every faculty is associated with its appropriate desire, and is exercised with an appropriate pleasure. 1st, Man is endowed with senses; hence the desire and enjoyment of sense. 2nd, Man is enabled to exert himself, and he desires to do so, and finds enjoyment in action. 3rd, Man possesses the faculty of conceiving and contemplating the mental images of things not present to his senses; hence he possesses the desire, and experiences the pleasures of exercising imagination, memory, and fancy. 4th, Man has intellect, or the power of thinking on the nature and property of things in relation to each other; hence he desires knowledge, and enjoys reflection and comparison. 5th, Man is capable of crediting statements beyond his actual experience, and he is apt to believe more than he can learn through his own senses, and in believing he finds pleasure. 6th, Man loves certain qualities which he esteems amiable; hence his desire for objects of affection and his pleasure in them. 7th, Man has the capacity of distinguishing good from evil in relation to moral law; he has a conscience, in the right state of which he desires to do his duty, and in so doing receives pleasure in self-approval, and the approbation of God, and the good and goodwill of his neighbour. Will, in the abstract, may be regarded as the characteristic of consciousness; there is no mind without it. As the possibility of any pleasure implies the possibility of its opposite—pain; so there can be no sense of things, either agreeable or otherwise, but because the willing being or agent is correspondingly affected. But there is a higher form of will pertaining to rational existence, by which we choose, not merely according to sensation, but also according to moral conviction.

To direct the will aright is then evidently the chief object of education. How many erroneous ideas are afloat concerning the true objects of education! How few even understand in what education consists, and how by far the smaller proportion of it, perhaps, is obtained in the schoolroom! Here is Dr. MOORE's answer to the question,

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

It is every thing that influences the mind, and it includes the consideration of all circumstances and all affections. Its means are those of reason, the knowledge both of good and evil, pain and pleasure, the sympathy of mind with mind, and any thing by which a soul may be induced to desire, and to determine for itself, as an associate spirit in God's company of intelligences. The end of education, in its highest sense, is to form habits of mental fellowship, and to beget love after the celestial mode of thinking and feeling. To ascertain how a human being should be trained, it is therefore necessary to inquire what are his capacities, and what are their objects; what are the soul's appetites, and what has God provided for them? We need not puzzle ourselves with refined disquisitions on the nature of the mind, since it is enough for us to know that every variety in moral character is simply a variety in the state of our will with regard to objects of sense, and that no improvement can be effected in the moral aspect of any being but by increasing love for what is absolutely good, while teaching it properly to appreciate what is good, relatively considered.

Thus life and education are one. Besides "mutual charity," the following ought to teach us the necessity of attending to the health of the body, even for the sake of that of the soul:—

The living organism is the medium between objects and the soul. In this respect it is divisible into two principal parts—the sensitive and the active; the sensitive being subservient to sensation and perception—the active enabling the soul to seek objects and evince its feelings. We will to

move the foot, for instance, and it obeys us in the 1,200,000,000th of a second; an impression from without becomes ours at the same rate. Such is the velocity and inscrutable nature of spiritual action, even through the medium of matter. The motive power of the soul in its action on the limbs, and also the sensitive faculty associated with this motive power, are demonstrated by the physiologist to reside in the brain and spinal chord, as the centres of the nervous system; and therefore the ability of the human spirit to perceive and to act through the body must mainly depend upon the integrity with which these nervous centres fulfil their office. It is manifest that disorder of sensation and of muscular action must result from disease in the nerves, because will and perception are never exercised in this world but in connexion with the nerves. The lesson we learn from this liability to morbid manifestation is mutual charity. We ought always to regard each other with every allowance for bodily constitution; as the state of the soul is mainly dependent on the accommodation thus afforded for the operation of the mind. Disease, whether personal or relative, is the most prevalent test of our affections and our faith; and through it the spirit of man, when rightly established in truth, grows mighty in endurance, and triumphant over fear and death. We are required to look compassionately on the faults of others, considering that we also are in the body, and while throwing the light of a loving heart over peculiarities that may not please us, do our utmost to ameliorate the physical condition of those whose minds are diverted from their right objects by discomfort. Let us teach, at least, by example, that it is only in the right use of the body that mental integrity is proved; and although temptation and torment may assail us through the nerves, let us shew that a soul fortified by faith in God, finds the victory in the condition of its will, and comes forth more than heroic in the conquest of evil by the might of good.

It is cheering to think that by this *might of good*, which even yet has perhaps never been noted to the utmost, the horrible evil of idiotism may be greatly alleviated and even partially remedied:—

It is manifest that when the mind has not the power or opportunity of working, whatever of the inferior cast belongs to human nature will then operate unrestrained. The history of idiotism is a doleful illustration of this truth; but yet, like every evil, it points to good, and calls us to exercise faith in God as the provider of means against misery. Idiotism proves the debasing influence of neglecting humanity. Even in its worst forms it is still somewhat amenable to kindness and to skill. Wherever a human soul can be reached by another, so as to feel a good intention, there is an improvable being. As long as the organization of the senses and their associate brain are not so imperfect as to prevent connected attention to objects, it is in the power of one man to elicit the light hidden in another; and many men, seeing this, and devoutly loving human souls, for love's sake have set themselves with patience to the task of redeeming idiots from the hideousness of confused instincts, undirected and without aim. By persevering efforts in attracting and fixing their attention steadily and sympathetically to the actions of their teachers—teachers, so to say, by contact—multitudes of such forlorn beings have been brought into smiling association with humanity and reason; thus proving that those left to neglect and ill-treatment must be the pests and terrors of domestic life, until the unconquerable philanthropy of practical wisdom and charity is brought to bear upon them, and bring them forth from degradation into rational relationship. If asylums for idiots had done nothing more than teach us that beautiful souls may lie concealed under disgusting coverings, they had done much; but they have also taught us that the might of patience, sympathy, and kindness is greater far than the world yet knows. They have, moreover, indicated how much may in general be done to restore human nature to its right place by true knowledge and love duly exercising the authority

which alone belongs to them, by shewing how mental and physical evils may be prevented by moral restraints, and remedial, as far as man may remedy, by insisting on obedience to the laws of nature and of God. If the brain be not so diseased or deficient as to preclude the soul from attention, through it moral education is probably always possible. A superior mind asserts its power, first by controlling its own impulses, and then by the orderly purpose of action in visible self-management, and sympathetically governing the minds of others also. Thus, by persevering determination in regulating muscular movements, by bringing the senses steadily into use, and by exercising the will intelligently in every action, M. Seguin, and others on his plan, have succeeded in training the most unpromising idiots into conscientious agents. The philanthropy thus beautifully and wisely at work opens to our view more of the practical science of education than all the discourses on mental discipline with which schoolmen have afflicted us; it has demonstrated that mind rules mind most effectually by asserting its right to be attended to, and that none can be lost to improvement who can be brought into willing obedience, and that this obedience, or yielding of self, is induced by the visible and constant interest of the governing in the governed. There coercion fails, even with the idiot; the mind is not brought out into intercourse, except by a strong will dominating over it by engaging it agreeably. The state of the body is a state of will, in as far as it tends either to pleasure or pain; and if the mind be perverted by an ill state of the body, the only way to recover it from wrong desires is to command attention to other perceptions than those produced by the disorder or ill-condition of the body or any of its organs and functions: a new state of will must be induced.

(To be continued.)

Exact Philosophy. Books First and Second. By HUGHES F. HALLE, LL.D. London, 1848. E. Wilson.

THE *Exact Philosophy* of Dr. HALLE is, we must confess, beyond our comprehension. We cannot understand his language in the first place, or his arguments in the second. In a single page we find such novelties as "monstrosophy," "pantanthropy," "nonsense milliner." For upwards of 200 pages he runs a tilt against every form of modern philosophy, and even of ancient too, as it seems to us, and concludes his review of them with the anticipation that the "next new theory may be something of this kind—Man's brains are in his feet, and his toes are the organs of mind."

If every body else is wrong, it is plain enough that Dr. HALLE is not right. It is not thus that a thinking man addresses himself to thoughtful minds. He does not pelt every person who chances to differ from him with *sequepedalia verba* of his own invention, half in sport and half in fury; he talks soberly and intelligibly, and endeavours to convince, finding reason to be a more effective weapon than ridicule in a study argument, whatever it may be in a debating-club discussion. We doubt much whether the success of the first two books will prompt him to their continuation.

HISTORY.

Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, to which is prefixed an Historical Introduction on the Rise and Progress of Romantic Composition in France and England. By GEORGE ELLIS, Esq. A new edition, revised by J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. London, 1848. Bohn.

THIS new volume of Mr. BOHN's *Antiquarian Library* will not be the least acceptable of the series. The romances of our forefathers, so diligently collected and so carefully edited by Mr. ELLIS, are not merely curious, they are amusing; and not only will the readers find amusement in them, but instruction, Mr. ELLIS having taken care to turn them to profitable account in his commentaries, where he pours out his vast range of knowledge relating to the history, the manners, the customs, the public and the social life of our early ancestors.

The plan he has adopted in these translations is not to give them entire, but to narrate the substance of the tale in prose, and to introduce translations only of such passages as are remarkable for their spirit or beauty, and exhibit the characteristics of the age or of the author. The introductory essay describes the origin of the romance, which at first was merely a metrical history, but after a time, by the licence of the poet, became the vehicle for imaginary adventures of imaginary personages. An illuminated frontispiece adds much to the value and interest of this volume, whose singularly trifling price places it within reach of every person who desires to read the romances that entertained our forefathers.

BIOGRAPHY.

Letters Addressed to the Countess of Ossory from 1769 to 1797. By HORACE WALPOLE. Edited, with Notes, by the Right Hon. R. VERNON SMITH, M. P. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THIS is one of those works over which the literary journalist loves to linger, as a relief from more learned tomes, and we are not sure that his readers are not equally loath to leave such pleasant gossip for papers of a more profound and ponderous nature. At least we are sure they will find no fault with us for returning to these pages for some further gleanings.

What a sparkling passage is this:—

For the first time in my life I think I do not wish Lord Ossory a son, or Lady Anne greatly married! What a distracted nation! I do not wonder Dr. Battie died worth 100,000*l*. Will anybody be worth a shilling but mad doctors? I could write volumes; but recollect that you are not alone as I am, given up to melancholy ideas, with the rain beating on the skylight and gusts of wind. On other nights, if I heard a noise, I should think it was some desperate gamester breaking open my house; now, every flap of a door is a pistol. I have often said, this world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel; but when I thought so first, I was more disposed to smile than to feel; and besides, England was not arrived at its present pitch of frenzy. I begin to doubt whether I have not lived in a system of errors. All my ideas are turned topsyturvy. One must go to some other country and ask whether one has a just notion of anything. To me, everybody round me seems lunatic; yet I think they were sober and wise folks from whom I received all my notions, on money, politics, and what not. Well! I will wait for the echo—I know no better oracle. Good night, madam. You excuse me in any mood, and therefore I will make no apology for this incoherent rhapsody. My thoughts, with those I love, always flow according to the cast of the hour. A good deal of sensibility and very shattered nerves expose one to strong impressions. Yet when the sages of this world affect a tenderness they do not know, may not a little real feeling be pardoned? It seems, Mentor Duke of Montague had made a vow of ever wearing weepers for his vixen turtle, and it required a jury of matrons and divines to persuade him he would not go to the devil and his wife, if he appeared in scarlet and gold on the prince's birthday; and he is returned to close mourning like Hamlet, and every Rosencrautz and Guildenstern is edified both ways.

The advertising schemes of our day are not so new as we had supposed. The most inventive genius of our contemporaries has been already anticipated.

ADVERTISING AMONG OUR FATHERS.

Yesterday just after I arrived, I heard drums and trumpets in Piccadilly: I looked out of the window and saw a procession with streamers flying. At first I thought it was a press-gang, but seeing the corps so well dressed, like Hussars, in yellow with blue waistcoats and breeches, and high caps, I con-

cluded it was some new body of our allies, or a regiment newly raised, and with new regimentals for distinction. I was not totally mistaken, for the colonel is a new ally. In short, this was a procession set forth by Mr. Bates, Lord Littleton's chaplain, and author of the old *Morning Post*, and meant as an appeal to the town against his antagonist, the new one. I did not perceive it, but the musicians had masks; on their caps was written *The Morning Post*, and they distributed handbills. I am sure there were at least between thirty and forty, and this mummery must have cost a great deal of money. Are not we quite distracted, reprobate, absurd, beyond all people that ever lived? The new *Morning Post*, I am told, for I never take in either, exceeds all the outrageous Billingsgate that ever was heard of. What a country! Does it signify what happens to it? Is there any sense, integrity, decency, taste, left? Are not we the most despicable nation upon earth, in every light? A solemn and expensive masquerade exhibited by a clergyman, in defence of daily scandal against women of the first rank, in the midst of a civil war! and while the labouring poor are torn from their families by press-gangs! and a foreign war is hanging over our heads! And everybody was diverted with this!—Do you think, madam, that anything can save such a sottish and stupid nation? Does it deserve to be saved? you that have children will wish for miracles; as I have none but what Mary provides, I can almost wish we may be scourged. I pity the unborn, who were in the entail of happiness, but what can be said for those in present possession?"

Now for an anecdote of

LORD TOWNSHEND.

"I was diverted last week with a speech of Lord Townshend. He was coming out of Lord North's levee, where he had extorted some favour, and met an acquaintance going in. "Well," said he, "what are you going to ask?" The person was shy. "Come, come," said the Viscount, "I am sure you want something. Here, I'll lend you my pistols."

How lively is this narrative of

A HOME TOUR.

I have not been capering at balls in the torrid zone, like your ladyship's neighbourhood, but I have been jolting over stony roads in the midst of Africa; at least I thought so, though in the heart of Kent. I have seen nothing very charming, and little new. One place struck me much, but more from recollection of old passages than from any curiosity in itself. This was Deane, a trist old seat of the Oxendens, now deserted; but it was long the residence of Sir George, who in my very youth was the fine gentleman of the age—extremely handsome, a speaker in Parliament, a lord of the treasury, very ambitious, and a particular favourite of my father, till he became so of my sister-in-law. That, and a worse story, blasted all his prospects and buried him in retirement—

For when a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace.

Portraits of him, and some heroines of the time—now totally forgotten, but fresh in my memory—seemed a waking vision. It was like Æneas's meeting Dido in the shades. I could not have conceived that scenes in which I was not in the least interested, could have made so strong an impression; yet they really affected me as if I were beginning the world again. I could not shake off the sensations till I came to Knowle, and that was a medley of various feelings!—Elizabeth and Burleigh, and Buckhurst; and then Charles and Anne, Dorset and Pembroke, and Sir Edw. Sackville; and then a more engaging Dorset, and Villiers, and Prior; and then the old Duke and Duchess, and Lady Betty Germaine, and the Court of George II. The place is stripped of its beeches and honours, and has neither beauty nor prospects. The house, extensive as it is, seemed dwindled to the front of a college, and has the silence and solitude of one. It wants the cohorts of retainers, and the bustling jollity of the old nobility to disperse the gloom. I

worship all its faded splendour, and enjoy its preservation, and could have wandered over it for hours with satisfaction; but there was such a heterogeneous housekeeper as poisoned all my enthusiasm. She was more like one of Mrs. St. John's Abigails than an inhabitant of a venerable mansion, and shuffled about in slippers, and seemed to admire how I could care about the pictures of such old frights as covered the walls!

Here is

WALPOLE ON GOLDSMITH.

I dined and passed Saturday at Beauclerc's, with the Edgcombess, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired, as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense. It was the night of a new comedy, called the *School for Wives*, which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the playhouse at half-an-hour after five, and we sat waiting for him till ten, when he was to act a speech in *Cato*, with Goldsmith; that is, the latter sat in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms that embraced him, made foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours?

And this his

CRITICISM ON GARRICK.

Yes, madam, I do think the pomp of Garrick's funeral perfectly ridiculous. It is confounding the immense space between pleasing talents and national services. What distinctions remain for a patriot hero, when the most solemn have been showered on a player?—but when a great empire is on its decline, one symptom is, there being more eagerness on trifles than on essential objects. Shakspeare, who wrote when Burleigh counselled and Nottingham fought, was not rewarded and honoured like Garrick, who only acted, when—in deed I do not know who has counselled and who has fought. I do not at all mean to detract from Garrick's merit, who was a real genius in his way, and who, I believe, was never equalled in both tragedy and comedy. Still, I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents; yet I will own as fairly that Mrs. Porter and Mdle. Dumenil have struck me so much, as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me so much as those two actresses, and some few others in particular parts, as Quin, in *Falstaff*; King in *Lord Ogleby*; Mrs. Pritchard, in *Maria* in the *Nonjuror*; Mrs. Clive, in *Mrs. Cadwallader*; and Mrs. Abington, in *Lady Teazle*. They all seemed the very persons: I suppose that in Garrick I thought I saw more of his art; yet his *Lear*, *Richard*, *Hotspur* (which the town had not taste enough to like), *Kitely*, and *Ranger*, were as capital and perfect as action could be. In declamation, I confess, he never charmed me; nor could he be a gentleman; his *Lord Townley* and *Lord Hastings* were mean, but then, too, the parts are indifferent, and do not call for a master's exertion. I should shock Garrick's devotees if I uttered all my opinion; I will trust your ladyship with it—it is, that Le Texier is twenty times the genius. What comparison between the powers that do the fullest justice to a single part, and those that instantaneously can fill a whole piece, and transform themselves with equal perfection into men and women, and pass from laughter to tears, and make you shed the latter at both? Garrick, when he made one laugh, was not always judicious, though excellent. What idea did his *Sir John Brute* give of a surly husband. His *Bayes* was no less entertaining; but it was a garret-keeper-bard. Old Cibber preserved the solemn coxcomb; and was the caricature of a great poet, as the part was designed to be. Half I have said I know is heresy, but fashion had gone to excess, though very rarely with so much reason. Applause had turned his head, and yet he was never content even with that prodigality. His jealousy and envy were unbounded; he hated Mrs. Clive, till she quitted the stage, and then cried

her up to the skies, to depress Mrs. Abington. He did not love Mrs. Pritchard, and with more reason, for there was more spirit and originality in her *Beatrice* than in his *Benedick*. But if the town did not admire his acting more than it deserved, which indeed in general it was difficult to do, what do you think, madam, of its prejudiced, even for his writings? What stuff was his Jubilee Ode, and how paltry his Prologues and Epilogues! I have always thought that he was just the counterpart of Shakspeare; this, the first of writers and an indifferent actor; that, the first of actors and a woful author. Posterity would believe me, who will see only his writings; and who will see those of another modern idol, far less deservedly enshrined, Dr. Johnson."

Another of WALPOLE's dislikes was

DR. JOHNSON.

Here are some verses of Soame Jenyns, that, in our present want of comfort, we admire very much; for we are out of spirits, and so was the poet, too, when he wrote the last stanza, which is insufferably bad. Pray return the piece, for I have no copy, and my amanuensis is in the country. There are some better verses by Dean Barnard, of which I will procure a copy if I can. They are an answer to a gross brutality of Dr. Johnson, to which a proper answer would be to fling a glass of wine in his face. I have no patience with an unfortunate monster trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests, and who thinks that what he has read is an excuse for everything he says.

Now for an anecdote of

MADAME DU DEFFAND.

Now I am quoting holy writ, I will tell you a story from Madame du Deffand. A worthy old gentleman, who was ill, made his footman read the Bible to him. Unluckily the man could not read, at least not well. The first sentence he uttered was, "Dieu apparut à Abimelech en singe."—"Comment donc, Butord! que lis tu là?"—"Mais, monsieur, je dis que Dieu apparut à Abimelech en singe."—"Dieu apparut en singe!"—"Eh bien! Oui, monsieur, est-ce que Dieu ne peut pas prendre telle forme qu'il lui plaît?" Pray, madam, make Lady Anne observe, how true piety drew edification from the mouth of the poor footman.

What a pithy specimen of letter-writing is the following:—

What was in the letter that diverted Lord Ossory, I remember no more than the man in the moon, whose memory lasts but a month. I know, though you are so overbenign to them, madam, that I grow easier about my letters; since they have become so numerous, they must have the fate of a collection that was found last winter at Monsieur de Pondeville's: there were sixteen thousand from one lady in a correspondence of only eleven years. For fear of setting the house on fire if thrown into the chimney, the executors crammed them into the oven. There have been known here persons who wrote to one another four times a day; and I was told of one couple, who, being always together, and the lover being fond of writing, he placed a screen between them, and then wrote to madame on t'other side, and flung them over.

One anecdote of

DR. GRAHAM.

In the evening I went to Dr. Graham's. It is the most impudent puppet-show of imposition I ever saw, and the mountebank himself the dullest of his profession, except that he makes the spectators pay a crown apiece. We were eighteen. A young officer of the Guards affected humour and tired me still more. A woman, invisible, warbled to clarinets on the stairs. The decorations are pretty and odd, and the apothecary, who comes up a trapdoor, for no purpose, since he might as well come up stairs, is a novelty. The electrical experiments are nothing at all singular, and a poor air-pump, that only bursts a bladder, pieces out the farce. The doctor is like Jenkinson in person, and as flimsy a puppet. I hope his brother, whom Mrs.

Macaulay married, is not such a wooden thing on wires.

Let us now view the statesman and courtier in his retirement. It is a pleasing picture.

"Oct. 1.
"I began my letter three days ago, and it was barren enough, so I postponed it on a prospect of imperial recruits. I had notice that the archduke and archduchess desired a ticket to see

My gothic Vatican of Greece and Rome,

and that I would name the day. I replied, I could not presume to send a ticket or name a day, but that their royal highnesses might command me and my nutshell whenever they pleased, if they would be so good as to excuse such a reception as a decrepit old man could give them. Accordingly I made no preparation but of coffee, tea, and chocolate; and as I am a courtier of the old rock, *only two cups* were set for their arch-highnesses in the round chamber, and none for their suite. In two days I could not make an entertainment, nor do I pique myself on vulgar ostentation, nor could light up the garden with coloured lamps by daylight, and when the leaves are falling and my orange-trees gone into winter quarters. It was intimated that I might expect them to-day. The morning was of the best October gold, and the sun himself came to do the honours of my house: however, I began to fear they would serve him as they did at Hampton Court, and not arrive till six o'clock; but at near two, as I sat watching for Heyducs and Pandours to come powdering down my avenue, I saw a gang of foot-passengers in boots and riding dresses strolling from Twickenham, holiday folks as I thought,—but at last one of the troop ran before, who, I perceived, was the Venetian resident. I hurried down to the gate, and the resident named the archduke and madame—and Prince and Princess Albani, &c. in short, they were eleven. Well! they have been here above an hour, were exceedingly civil, totally unceremonious, commended everything, were really charmed with the situation and views, especially the archduke; and Prince Albani, who does know, marked the right pictures, and they all fell pell-mell on the biscuits and bread-and-butter, but tasted nothing liquid. The archduke is rather a little man, and if Mr. Hare were to ask, as he did Garrick, whether he looked much like an *egle*, I could not say yes. The archduchess is not a beauty, but better than I had heard, seems sensible, and is very conversant in our history. I had rummaged that old garret, my memory, for recollections of the month I passed at the Fair of Reggio, with the archduchess's grandsire and grandam, the Duke and Duchess of Modena, in the year of our Lord 1741. I had recalled the serene duke's figure, with a mound of vermilion on the left side of his forehead to symmetrise with a wen on the right, and his sister, the Princess Benedict, who was painted and peeled like an old summer-house, with bristles on her chin sprouting through a coat of plaister,—but I did not intend to draw these portraits; and, above all things, put a gag on my tongue, lest it should blurt out the dreadful compliment I blundered on to the Duchess of Modena on her own mother's jealousy of her. But I had no occasion for my caution; there was such a babel of Italian dialects, and the archduke has such a very sharp *fauvette* that my meek voice could not be distinguished. Well! it is happily over; they expressed satisfaction, and, at least, were better pleased than with their *no* reception at Blenheim by the Prince of Mindleheim."

Very remarkable is

A SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I know that a governor or a gazetteer ought not to desert their posts if a town is besieged, or a town is full of news; and, therefore, madam, I resume my office. I smile to-day, but I trembled last night; for an hour or more I never felt more anxiety. I knew the bravest of my friends were barricaded into the House of Commons, and every avenue to it impassable. Till I heard the Horse and Foot Guards were gone to their rescue, I expected nothing but some dire misfortune; and the

first thing I heard this morning was that part of the town had had a fortunate escape from being burnt after ten last night. You must not expect order, madam: I must recollect circumstances as they occur; and the best idea I can give your ladyship of the tumult will be to relate it as I heard it. I had come to town in the morning on a private occasion, and found it so much as I left it that though I saw a few blue cockades here and there, I only took them for new recruits. Nobody came in. Between seven and eight I saw a hack and another coach arrive at Lord Shelburne's, and thence concluded that Lord George Gordon's trumpet had brayed to no purpose. At eight I went to Gloucester-house: the duchess told me there had been a riot, and that Lord Mansfield's glasses had been broken, and a bishop's, but that most of the populace were dispersed. About nine his Royal Highness and Colonel Heywood arrived; and then we heard a much more alarming account. The concourse had been incredible, and had by no means obeyed the injunctions of their apostle, or rather had interpreted the spirit instead of the letter. The duke had reached the House with the utmost difficulty, and found it had sunk from the temple of dignity to an asylum of lamentable objects. There were the Lords Hilsborough, Stormont, Townshend, without their bags, and with their hair dishevelled about their ears, and Lord Willoughby without his periwig, and Lord Mansfield, whose glasses had been broken, quivering on the woollack like an aspen. Lord Ashburnham had been torn out of his chariot, the Bishop of Lincoln ill-treated, the Duke of Northumberland had lost his watch in the holy hurlyburly, and Mr. Mackenzie his snuff-box and spectacles. Alarm came that the mob had thrown down Lord Boston, and were trampling him to death; which they almost did. They had diswiggled Lord Bathurst on his answering them stoutly, and told him he was the Pope, and an old woman; thus splitting Pope Joan into two. Lord Hilsborough, on being taxed with negligence, affirmed that the cabinet had the day before empowered Lord North to take precautions, but two justices that were called denied having received any orders. Colonel Heywood, a very stout man, and luckily a very cool one, told me he had thrice been collared as he went, by the Duke's order, to inquire what was doing in the other House; but though he was not suffered to pass he reasoned the mob into releasing him, yet he said he never saw so serious an appearance and such determined countenances. About eight the Lords adjourned, and were suffered to go home; though the rioters declared that if the House did not repeal the bill there would at night be terrible mischief. Mr. Burke's name had been given out as the object of resentment. General Conway I knew would be intrepid and not give way; nor did he, but inspired the other House with his own resolution. Lord George Gordon was running backwards and forwards, and from the windows of the Speaker's chamber denouncing all that spoke against him to the mob in the lobby. Mr. Conway tasked him severely both in the House and aside; and Colonel Murray told him he was a disgrace to his family. Still the members were besieged, and locked up for four hours; nor could divide, as the lobby was crammed. Mr. Conway and Lord Frederick Cavendish, with whom I supped afterwards, told me there was a moment when they thought they must have opened the doors and fought their way out sword in hand. Lord North was very firm; and at last they got the Guards and cleared the pass.

The lawless state of the country at that epoch is proved by the continual references made throughout this correspondence to highwaymen, footpads, and robberies with violence in the roads, and even in the streets. One of these unpleasant adventures is thus related:—

HOW WALPOLE WAS ROBBED.

Lady Browne and I were as usual going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under her park-pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure on horseback pushed by between the

chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman; and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say, Is not that the apothecary going to the Duchess? when I heard a voice cry "Stop!" and the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat under my arm. He said, "Your purses and watches!" I replied, "I have no watch." "Then your purse!" I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you." I said, "No, you won't frighten the lady?" He replied, "No, I give you my word I will do you no hurt." Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch; but he said, "I am much obliged to you; I wish you good night!" pulled off his hat, and rode away. "Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it." "Oh! but I am," said she, "and now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money that I carry on purpose."

We conclude reluctantly with a brace of

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE SELWYN.

"George Selwyn is, I think, the only person remaining who can strike wit out of the present politics. On hearing Calcraft wanted to be Earl of Ormond, he said, it would be very proper, as no doubt there had been many *Butlers* in his family."

"You ask about Mr. Selwyn: have you heard his incomparable reply to Lord George Gordon, who asked him if he would choose him again for Luggershall? He replied, 'His constituents would not.' 'Oh, yes, if you would recommend me, they would choose me if I came from the coast of Africa.' 'That is according to what part of the coast you came from; they would certainly if you came from the Guinea Coast.' Now, madam, is not this true inspiration as well as true wit? Had one asked him in which of the four quarters of the world Guinea is situated, could he have told?"

SCIENCE.

A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents. Compiled from authentic Documents. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Esq. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Parker.

THIS is a very amusing book, but not so amusing nor so instructive as it might have been made by an enlargement of its design. Mr. WELD is an officer of the Society, and consequently he inclines somewhat too much to the side of flattery. All is praise, always exaggerated, sometimes undeserved. Instead of such long memoirs of Presidents, it would have been more curious and more useful to have presented us with a succinct history of the *doings* of the Society, as recorded in its journal, tracing the puerilities of the scientific, as there described, the gradual changes in the direction of research and of thought, and the succession of discoveries which its volumes disclose. Such a review would be a history during an important period of the progress of science, and it would be fraught with lessons of rebuke to those who arrogantly assert their own dogmas and deny all truth that has not come within the range of their own narrow experiences. It would teach humility, patience, perseverance, and, by the many instances of obscurity and poverty working their way to fame and fortune, encourage all who have industry and ability to pursue their career with hopefulness, confident that their virtue will be rewarded at last, and with at least the consciousness that they have reaped in their re-

searches into nature a pleasure greater than any their fellow-men could bestow.

But Mr. WELD has not avoided anecdote where opportunity offered, and at times he is indeed more trivial than might have been desired. However, we must not look too closely into the artistical merits of a work of this class. It does not offer itself to criticism as a composition. The author professes to be nothing more than a compiler, and therefore, thanking him for the amusement he has afforded, and recommending his work to the Book Clubs, for which it is peculiarly adapted, we will subjoin a few of the most striking and novel passages out of those we had scored on perusal.

THE DEVIL'S TAVERN.

This Devil Tavern, on the site now occupied by Child's Place, was the resort of several of the wits and literati of the day. At Dulwich College are preserved some of Ben Jonson's Memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine, and the convivial hours he passed at the Devil Tavern. "Mem. I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T—; that play I am positive will live to posterity and be acted, when I and Envy be friends, with applause." "Mem. The first speech in my *Catalina* spoken by Sylla's Ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine." "Mem. Upon the 20th May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l*. At that time I often went to the Devil, and before I had spent forty of it wrote my *Alchemist*."

Here is a story very little known, but very curious:—

THE LUCKY WATCH.

During the first months of my residence in Somerset House, I was considerably surprised by invariably seeing the visitors cross the quadrangle in a straight line, and planting themselves within a convenient distance of the opposite wall, gaze eagerly upwards, pointing always to one spot which presents, no architectural decoration, and, in fact, only forms part of the plain wall. Utterly unable to solve this riddle, I applied to an older resident for an explanation. He smiled at my query, and asked had I never heard of the watch. On my answering in the negative he told me the following traditional story. When the wall, to which I have alluded, was being built, a workman had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding, and was arrested in his descent by his watch-chain catching some portion of it. Thus wonderfully preserved, his gratitude led him (he must have been a Milesian) to insert his watch into the face of the wall as a memento of his escape. So runs the story; how traditional in its origin, may be judged by the fact, that the watch-face was placed in its present situation, some years ago, by the Royal Society, as a meridian mark for a portable transit instrument in one of the windows of the ante-room.

The Society was sometimes "hard up" for cash, and then they paid in books! This was their

NOVEL PAPER-MONEY.

It is recorded in the Minutes of Council, that the arrears of salary due to Hooke and Halley were resolved to be paid by copies of Willoughby's work. Halley appears to have assented to this unusual proposition, but Hooke wisely "desired six months' time to consider of the acceptance of such payment." The publication of the *Historia Pluvialis*, in an edition of 500 copies, cost the Society 400*l*. * * * * * When the Society resolved on Halley's undertaking to measure a degree of the earth, it was voted that "he be given 50*l*. or fifty books of fishes."

We recommend this idea to the currency doctors.

Among other relics, the Society possesses a cast of the face of Sir I. NEWTON, taken after his death by ROUBILIAC, of which the following is the history:—

For this truly interesting relic the fellows are indebted to Samuel Hunter Christie, esq. secretary to the Society, and Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, who presented it to them in the year 1839. The history of this mask, as related to me by Mr. Christie, is extremely curious. Being desirous of purchasing a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Christie entered the shop of a dealer in statues in Tichborne-street. To Mr. Christie's question, whether he had any bust of the philosopher to dispose of, the dealer replied that though he had no bust, he had an old mask of Newton, which his father had purchased fifty or sixty years before, at the sale of Roubiliac's effects, and which he had kept on his shelves amongst various articles of his trade. It was evident that the dealer regarded the relic as little better than useless lumber, and this is confirmed by his having consented to dispose of it for a few shillings. Mr. Christie, having borne off his prize, had a few casts taken from it, and subsequently enjoyed the great satisfaction of placing it in a repository, not only the most fitted for its reception, but where it will be hallowed and preserved with religious care as long as the Royal Society exists. Though much injured by rough treatment, it will be seen by those who are acquainted with the authentic portraits of Newton, that the mask, which is copied in the annexed drawing, presents the characteristic features of the Society's former illustrious president.

This a laughable story—if not a very true one, a very good one.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS'S BALANCE.

One article which belonged to Sir Joseph Banks the Society possess; and I am led to mention this in consequence of an amusing anecdote connected with it, related to me by Mr. Babbage, which I have not seen in print. The article in question is a very delicate balance, constructed by Ramsden. Upon the decease of Sir Joseph Banks, the Secretaries wrote to his widow, apprising her that the balance was lying in the apartments of the Society, and requesting to know her wishes respecting it. "Pay it into Coutts's," was her ladyship's reply.

Among other eccentricities preserved in these pages is a song written by Sir JOHN HERSCHEL for a family party whom he entertained in the tube of his telescope!

THE HERSCHELIAN TELESCOPE SONG.

Requiem of the Forty-foot Reflector at Slough, to be sung on the New Year's Eve, 1839-40, by Papa, Mama, Mamma, and all the little bodies in the tube thereof assembled:—

In the old Telescope's tube we sit,
And the shades of the past around us fit;
His requiem sing we, with shout and with din,
While the old year goes out, and the new one comes in.
Chorus of youths and virgins.
Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,
And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

Full fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
And the blast could not shake his majestic form;
Now prone he lies where he once stood high,
And search'd the deep Heavens with his broad bright eye.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

There are wonders no living wight hath seen,
Which within this hollow have pictured been;
Which mortal record can ne'er recall,
And are known to Him only who makes them all.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

Here watched our father the wintry night,
And his gaze hath been fed with pre-Adamite light;
While planets above him, in circular dance,
Sent down on his toils a propitious glance.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

He has stretched him quietly down at length
To bask in the star-light his giant strength;
And Time shall here a tough morsel find,
For his steel-devouring teeth to grind.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

He will grind it at last, as grind it he must,
And its brass and its iron shall be clay and dust;
But scatheless rays shall roll away,
And nurture its fame in its form's decay.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

A new year dawns, and the old year's past,
God send us a happy one, like the last;
A little more sun, and a little less rain,
To save us from cough and rheumatic pain.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

God grant that its end this group may find
In love and in harmony fondly joined;
And that some of us, fifty years hence, once more
May make the old Telescope's echoes roar.
Chorus fortissimo.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,
And make the old Telescope rattle and ring.

FICTION.

Undine. By DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. London: Burns.

Sintram and his Companions. From the German of DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. London: Burns.

The Eagle and the Sun, and other Tales. By the Author of "Undine." London: Burns.

The Unknown Patient, and other Tales. By the Author of "Undine." London: Burns.

Aslauga's Knight and the Two Captains. By the Author of "Undine." London: Burns.

The Shadowless Man. From the German of CHAMISSO. London: Burns.

To Mr. BURNS are English readers greatly indebted for a valuable series of translations from the choicest of the imaginative literature of Germany, neatly printed, cleverly illustrated, and published at a price that places them within reach of all classes. Six of them lately issued are named above. They need no other recommendation than is contained in the names of the authors. By all who have enjoyed *Undine*,—and who has not?—the four tales by the same author will be eagerly perused, and will yield scarcely less pleasure.

CHAMISSO's story of *The Shadowless Man*, has been once before translated, some years since, under the title of *Peter Schlenker*, and we remember that it had a great run then. All who smiled over that will be glad to revive their pleasure with this, and to those who have never read it we recommend it as one of the most amusing specimens of humour and diablerie which even Germany has produced.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Glimpses of the Beautiful, and other Poems. By JAMES HENDERSON. Glasgow, 1848. Chambers.

MR. HENDERSON is almost a poet. He attains more nearly to true poetry, *without reaching it*, than any rhymist to whom we have been introduced during the five years of our critical labours. He is accomplished in the mechanical duties of his art. His rhymes and metres are perfect; his language is choice, copious, and expressive; ideas throng to his pen, but they want the one quality of *originality*. They are, with rare exceptions, the products of the memory rather than of the invention. They are reproductions, with no very dense disguises, of the common-places of poetry, well expressed and often more graceful than in their former garment, but yet substantially the same.

This is peculiarly the fault of youthful poetasters, and was exhibited even by the greatest poets in the first exercise of their vocation, before they found strength or courage to think for themselves and utter their own thoughts. If Mr. HENDERSON be a young man, then have we great hope that as he grows older he will dare to be original, and he wants but that to be a true poet. If, on the other hand, he have reached middle life, there is no hope, for it is plain that it is not diffidence or the imitative tendency of youth, but the absence of original genius, that keeps him so *mediocre* in thought while so excellent in language, metre, and rhyme. Two poems will suffice to prove the justice of our remarks as relates both to his capabilities and his defects.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."—HOLY WRIT.

EACH at the dawn uprears its silver chalice,
When day-spring ushers in the dewy morn—
Gems that make bright the sweet sequestered valleys,
Day-stars that mead and mountain glen adorn!
God said, "Let there be light!" and lo, creation
Shone forth with smiles emparadised and fair,
Then man had Eden for a habitation,
And ye, bright children of the spring, were there!

Ye came to bless the eye when sin had clouded
The glorious earth with ruin pale and wan;
Ye came to cheer the heart when sin had shrouded
With peril dark and dread the fate of man!
Ye came to whisper with your living beauty
A lesson to the hearts that doubting stray;
To win the spirit to a trusting duty,
And guide the wanderer's steps in wisdom's way!

What though your accents, gentle, sweet, and lowly,
Unto the silent ear no sound impart?
Ye whisper words all eloquent and holy,
To wake the fiercer feelings of the heart!
Meekly ye tell your emblematic story
Of the Creator's love with pathos true,
For Solomon, with all his pomp and glory
Was ne'er arrayed like any one of you!

Ye neither toil nor spin—yet God hath made you
To smile and blossom in the sunny hours;
In nature's silken robes he hath arrayed you,
Fair as the fairest thing of Eden's bowers!
Twin-born ye were with things of rarest splendour,
When first the sun dispelled primeval gloom;
Creation's dawn smiled on your petals tender—
Richer than fabrics of the Indian loom!

Ay, ye have lessons for the wise, revealing
Truths that proclaim Jehovah's bounteous love;
And wisdom then grows wiser, nobler, feeling
How all that's good descendeth from above!
Ye touch the thoughtful soul with pure emotion,
When contemplation doth your beauties scan;
Ye fill the heart with calm, serene devotion,
And breathe a moral unto erring man!

To Him whose word spake nature into being,
Who lit the sun, and bade the planets roll,
Who lives, and rules, and reigns, all-wise, all-seeing,
Creator of the universal whole;—
To Him with joy we render thanks for pleasures
Which he delights to scatter for our good;
And you, ye gentle sinless things, are treasures
That win our love and wake our gratitude!

The next, although a palpable imitation of
SHELLEY'S *Clouds*, is yet a clever one, and
precisely illustrates our commentary.

SONG OF THE STREAMS.

A LAY OF THE SUMMER TIME.

We trill a hymn to the evening dim
When the golden sunset dies,
And the sweet-voiced praise of the song we raise
Ascends to the starry skies.
We hail to rest on the earth's green breast
The blushing bright-eyed flowers,
Where nature weaves with her festooned leaves
Her home in the summer bowers.
Our strains are heard when the forest bird
No more to the echo sings,
While the lover's tale in the silent vale,
To the fond heart rapture brings.

When the fairy queen to the woodland green
Hath gone with her maidens gay,
To dance a while in the silver smile
Of the bright moon's mystic ray,
They one and all in their forest hall,
Whose lamps are the stars above,*
Glide round and round o'er the dewy ground,
Like a dream of joy and love;
And ours the song of the unseen throng,
In their wanton mazy whirls,
As they lightly pass o'er the trembling grass,
Adorned with its liquid pearls.

When the golden rays of the orient blaze
Come over the purple hills,
And sunshine looks on the dancing brooks,
And smiles to the laughing rills,
Our lay ascends till its music blends
With the lark's song sweet and rare,
Till wafted far where the morning star
Shines dim through the crystal air.
Then the fair light beams till the matin dreams
Of the silken blossoms die,
As the wild bee's hum and the zephyrs come,
And mirthfully murmur by.

Where the green trees wave and the fountains lave,
We dance to a merry tune,
When beauty showers on the fleeting hours
The light of the joyous noon;
And nature's smiles with the gentlest wiles
Of sweetest song we woo,
When the leaves are tinged, and the bright flowers
fringed
With the sun's own golden hue;
While choral notes from the tiny throats
Of the woodland minstrels swell,
And come to the ear all soft and clear
As a lingering heaven-toned spell.

When childhood strays in the sunny days
By our flowing silver tide,
We fondly sing to the gentle thing
A song that he lists with pride.
Then visions rise to the longing eyes
Of the lovely cherub boy,
As our tones impart to his dreaming heart
Bright hopes of the future's joy;
But oft he hears in his after years
Our strains to his memory come,
When deep griefs rest in his aching breast,
Where the voice of hope is dumb.

And oft we breathe of a bright bright wreath,
When the poet, wandering, dreams,
Where all is mute save the sweet bird's lute,
And the song of the silver streams.
And the hoary sage in the path of age
Will list to our murmurs sweet,
And commune oft with our voices soft
Away in some lone retreat.
We bring relief to the heart of grief,
When its woes to us are given,
For we whisper tales in the silent vales,
That lead the soul to heaven.

We bound away, and our roundelay
With the light-winged zephyr trills;
We joy to leap from the sunny steep
And dance on the distant hills.
Away, away! we are glad and gay
As the brightest things of earth;
No voice have we but the voice of glee—
'Tis the music of nature's mirth.
We love to sing to the fair young spring
In the glen and the forest dim,
And the year's bright prime, and the autumn time,
Are themes for our choral hymn.

Tragedies; to which are added a few Sonnets and Verses. By T. N. TALFOURD. A New Edition. London: Moxon.

THE dramas of Mr. Serjt. TALFOURD are essentially dramatic poems, and, as such, are unrivalled in our language. They failed upon the stage, because they were wanting in the action and the passion, as well as the stage trick, necessary to make acted tragedy successful. Mr. Serjt. TALFOURD'S dramas are properly poems in dramatic shape; they are remarkable for sentiment rather than for passion, for reflection rather than for description, for disquisition rather than for action. *Ion* is the most beautiful tragedy we ever read, the least interesting we ever saw. The perusal of it does not weary, however frequently repeated. It has more of the classical spirit in it, a spirit indefinable, but intelligible to all familiar with the classics, than any European production of modern times. As such it has taken a permanent place in our literature; there is upon it the visible stamp of immortality; and a cheap and elegant little volume such as this, which contains not *Ion* only, but the other dramatic and poetical works of the author, cannot fail to be acceptable, and to find a place on every bookshelf. At such a price the humblest admirer of genius may possess himself of this volume.

EDUCATION.

The Childhood of Mary Leeson. By MARY HOWITT. Darton and Co.

Take Care of Number One. Darton and Co.
Beautiful Little Rose. From the German of GUIDO GORRES. London: Burns.

MARY HOWITT can better discourse to children than any writer of our day. Her thoughts, as well as her words, are cast in the mould that is intelligible to the capacities, and therefore attractive to the tastes, of children. This, however, does not

imply childishness in the writer, but simplicity, and simplicity is the truest and loftiest wisdom. It is one of the characteristics of greatness. Then she has always a wholesome design in her writings which is not thrust forward obtrusively, but quietly insinuated; the moral being left to be deduced by the reader, instead of being preached to him by the author. *Mary Leeson* is one of her best tales, and should be in every nursery.

Take care of Number One is amusing and useful. The purpose is to shew by example the sin of selfishness; that it is alike opposed to the divine law, and to the interest of the individual in whom it exists.

Beautiful Little Rose is a true German tale, beginning "Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen," and introducing talking ravens, and such like, in which all young people rejoice.

These are all excellent holiday presents.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review for July. There has not been for a long time so attractive a number of *The Westminster* as this. The subjects are extremely interesting, much varied, and very ably treated. Opening with a thoughtful article on MILL'S "Political Economy," it presents next a lively and amusing one on Miss MARTINEAU'S "Eastern Life." "The Literature of the United States" is the topic of a third, and Mr. HARRIS'S "Life of Lord Hardwicke," of a fourth paper. Apt to the time is an elaborate review of THIERS'S "History of the Empire." "The Corporation of London and the Sanitary Question," are next treated with a severe but not unjust pen. "English University Education," and the "New Houses of Parliament," are reviewed, the one with good sense, the other with good taste, and "An Address to the Queen," written with much power, detailing the reforms required by the circumstances of the times, will probably not be the least attentively perused of the contents of this number. The demands are for—1. A real representation of the people. 2. An extension of the right of local self-government. 3. Economy and retrenchment. 4. A revision and just apportionment of the burden of taxation. 5. A free press. 6. A just administration of national trust property. 7. Freedom of conscience in matters of religion. 8. Freedom for education. 9. Law reform. 10. Just laws of inheritance. 11. Reform for the army and navy. 12. Preventive poor-laws. This is a sufficiently formidable list, but the writer accompanies each with facts and figures in support thereof. The Foreign Department contains copious reviews of some recent Travels in Schleswig-Holstein, the History of Italy, and the General German People's Library.

The Eclectic Review for July opens with an elaborate notice of the Memoir of Sir T. F. BEXTON. The other literary articles are on "The Lay of the Niebelungen," "MARRYAT'S Eastern Archipelago," "Miss MARTINEAU'S Eastern Life," and concluding with a powerful article on "The People's League." The religious essays belong not to our office.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for July treats of the trade and commerce of Cuba, the History of Newfoundland, the Progress of Discovery in Australia, Emigration, and other topics within its proper province; besides its usual monthly mass of intelligence, gathered from every part of our colonial empire.

The Gentleman's Magazine for July opens with a beautiful steel engraving of Thetford Castle. Among the many articles, archaeological and literary, with which this number abounds, are some interesting juvenile letters from Mr. D'ISRAELI (senior) to Dr. VICENTINUS KNOX; and some extracts from the Records of the Leatherseller's Company. The Retrospective Review is a valuable and attractive feature of this magazine, which is, in fact, a permanent record of all that relates to Literature and Science, Architecture and Antiquities, and contains the most complete Obituary published in this country, as the readers of *THE CRITIC* are aware, from the extracts so often made from it.

Dolman's Magazine for July is vindicating its reputation as the literary organ of the Roman Catholics. It contains numerous articles interesting to members of that church, and some of general interest, such as "An Adventure at Sea," and the "Feelings at Forty."

A History of France and the French People, by G. M. BUSSEY and T. GASPEY. Part IV.—This part advances the History from the year 742 to the year 840. It is profusely illustrated with engravings, and the narrative is skilfully constructed out of the best passages from the best of the modern historians of France.

Social Distinctions; or, Hearts and Homes, by Mrs. ELLIS. Part III.—The story rapidly grows in interest. Like all Mrs. ELLIS's works, it is most graphic in its descriptions and most lively in its dialogues, and the moral is excellent.

The Revolution in Europe, by PERCY B. ST. JOHN. No. II.—This is undoubtedly a valuable contribution to our knowledge of contemporary history. It preserves a more complete and continuous record of the events of the revolution than the daily newspapers can give.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Part XVIII. proceeds from "Cyrenaces" to "Dipteraceæ." It is the cheapest publication of its kind that has ever issued from the press.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Part IV. (Orr and Co.) contains "The Birds" as scientifically classified and described by the great naturalist, of whose works this is, we believe, the first English translation. It gives also four steel engravings, besides numerous woodcuts scattered among the text.

The Image of his Father, by the Brothers MAYHEW. No. IV.—Humour, pathos, some sketches from life, and not a little satire, characterise this tale, which is illustrated by the pencil of some very clever artist, whose name is not revealed.

The Farmer's Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs. Part XVI. concludes the account of the Dog, his breeding, training and management, and commences that of the Hog. There are no less than twenty-nine illustrations of the text, some of them really beautiful works of art.

France and its Revolutions: a Pictorial History. By GEORGE LONG, Esq. Part III. C. Knight. —Mr. LONG's fame, as one of the ablest of living historians is of itself sufficient to recommend this publication to all who desire to inform themselves of the past revolutions of France as a key to the events of the present one. It is very lavishly adorned with engravings and woodcuts of extraordinary spirit, which add vastly to its attractions.

Finden's Illustrated Edition of Byron's Tales and Poems. Part II. continues "The Giaour." It contains three steel engravings from designs by H. WARREN, and is beautifully printed.

The Quarterly Educational Magazine, No. III. is a practical work devoted to the discussion of the best means of advancing education. The account of the course of drawing on the principles of PESTALOZZI; the abstract of the minutes of the Committee of the Council on Education; the essay on the culture of the powers of reasoning and judging; and the questions on "Easy Lessons in Many Matters," are very valuable to all who are practically engaged in the work of teaching, whether as parents or as school-keepers.

The Works of Shakspeare. Part III. contains "Troilus and Cressida" and "Timon of Athens," with some twenty spirited engravings from designs by KENNY MEADOWS.

The Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. Part XV.—A necessary accompaniment to the perusal of all histories that refer to the events of the Napoleon era, contains maps of the battles of Ocana, Albuera, Culm, and Montmirail, and of the siege of St. Sebastian in 1813.

Milner's Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and Physical and Political Geography. Part III.—Invaluable to schools and libraries, this novel publication, in addition to a map shewing the places and movements of the moon and maps of North and South America, gives several pages of descriptive letter-press, containing a minute account of the celestial and terrestrial phenomena, with numerous woodcuts illustrative of the subjects treated of.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for July is somewhat too political. More than half of the whole number is occupied with a narrative of the last French Revolution, and a tale founded upon the former one. A memoir of Dr. CHANNING is the most readable article, and revives something of Tait's ancient fame.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Organisation of Industry explained in a Course of Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge, in Easter Term 1844. By T. C. BANFIELD, Esq. Second Edition. London, 1848. Longman and Co.

THE second edition of these lectures appears opportunely at a time when so grand an attempt has been, with such horrible consequences, in a neighbouring country, to accomplish a theory which had filled many minds of more benevolence than reasoning power among the upper classes, and had taken possession of multitudes of the lower classes, under the attractive title of the Organisation of Labour. We have now practical proof of the unsoundness of this theory in the singular rapidity with which it reduced a great and wealthy nation to the brink of ruin, and compelled a rapid retracing of its steps at the cost of more lives than ever before were sacrificed in a civilised country in four days of domestic strife.

But although the cannon of the barricades of Paris have exploded the theory which the political economists had denounced from the beginning, and happily had in this country succeeded in so staying its progress that it was unable to obtain the awful pre-eminence at which it arrived in France; there may be some enthusiasts inclined to hold by it, and to attribute its egregious failure either to its not having a fair trial, or to other adverse circumstances. If any such there be, if there remain an individual who will now question the truth of the doctrines of political economists as to the absolute freedom of trade and labour from every kind of obstacle, control, or protection, whether with intent to foster it as a whole, or to pet some particular branches of it, we heartily commend the perusal of Mr. BANFIELD's volume, which sets forth clearly and intelligibly with facts upon which every argument is founded, the manner in which labour seeks and finds its own best market when it is fairly left to its own choice, and how the result of that freedom is its most profitable exercise, not for itself alone, or only for the individual labourer, but indirectly for the whole community. Stript of the fallacies thrown about it by the adducing of particular cases (which is the trick of the opponents of political economy), nothing would seem to be more obvious than that every individual, if left to himself to buy and sell where he pleases, would sell his own commodity, whether labour or any thing else, so as to obtain the greatest quantity of other produce in exchange for it, and that that which profits each individual must ensure the general profit of the whole, the state being made up of individuals. It is upon this principle that politicians should take their stand, and nothing can defeat them. The Protectionists do not consider the benefit of the whole, but take the case only of a particular class or branch of industry, and will not include in their account the general wellbeing. The duty of the Legislature, however, is to consider the general wellbeing, and not that of a class or classes. Its business is simply to secure to every one of its subjects the free use of his faculties, bodily and mental, so that they do not invade the freedom of his neighbour. The moment it

says to him, "you shall not make this," or "you shall not buy in this market, or shall not sell in that;" or, which is the same thing as prohibiting, imposes a tax upon him for doing so, it is violating the primary purpose of government, it is stepping out of its province, and, like all trespassers, produces more harm than good by its endeavours.

We cannot enter upon the elaborate argument in which Mr. BANFIELD applies this principle to the theory of the rights of industry, for we have not space to do so, and it would be departing from our general rule as to second editions, which this is; but we cordially invite our readers who may have yet a lingering doubt as to the truth of political economy, if any such there be, to peruse this volume with attention, and they will rise from it with that doubt removed, and their minds confirmed against the fallacies which the advocates of protection raise up as fast as they are knocked down, in hope, perhaps, that at last some shortsighted persons may be induced to think that there is something substantial in doctrines so perseveringly put forward.

RELIGION.

Sermons on Practical Subjects. By the Rev. SAMUEL WARREN, LL.D. Incumbent of All Souls, Manchester. A new edition. Edinburgh, 1848. Blackwood and Co.

THESE sermons may be described as powerful. Without an effort to appear eloquent, with no brilliant passages, with little of the poetry of the preacher, they produce all the effects of the highest eloquence. They persuade and they convince; they sink deeply into the memory, and abide there, taking root, and flourishing, and bearing fruit long after. There is neither rant nor cant in these sermons; they are the sensible, earnest exhortations of a man who utters his convictions. Being only a new edition, we cannot depart from our rule, or we could have adduced abundant passages in proof. As it is, we must be content with recording the fact that a new edition has appeared, and recommending it to those who may not have made acquaintance with the first.

Baptismal Regeneration is not the Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, nor of the Church of England. By the Rev. T. BROOKE, M.A. London, 1848. Hamilton and Co.

THE title of this volume sufficiently describes its design. The subject of controversy is one altogether out of our province, and therefore we can do no more than remark that Mr. BROOKE argues temperately, and without a trace of the odium theologium.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Life in Russia. By EDWARD P. THOMPSON, Esq. London, 1848. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE are yet two or three kingdoms in the globe that groan under the dominion of despotic rule, the people belonging to which are either so indifferent to, or ignorant of, the means that should be employed for their liberation, that they proceed sluggishly in the track which the dictates of might have placed upon the claims of right. Foremost amongst these nations stands Russia, about which the world knows comparatively little; nor indeed is it likely that more will be known until other writers of the same impartial bias as Mr. THOMPSON really agitate, by constant publications, the public feeling of the Russians to their present enslaved condition. As there appears no interested motive in the pages of this work, we do the author the justice to believe his statements candid; that he has neither exaggerated nor suppressed matters in

order to render his book more attractive by its novelty. Bearing this in mind, it will be the decided opinion of nine-tenths of our readers that Russia is little better in point of habits and customs than she was centuries back, and that, as far as her general civilisation is concerned, she is fast retrograding.

To bear company with the author, we find him making the passage to Hamburg, across the North Sea, during a provoking calm, in something like fifty-four hours. After slackening speed in order to send a boat on board a becalmed Dutch fishing-smack, he reaches Lubeck, steams up the Baltic, arrives at Cronstadt, and, after bribing police agents and commissioners, steps into St. Petersburg on a beautiful summer's night, where before

Hier est à peine fini, demain commence.

So difficult it is, he tells us, to mark the passage of time. After a rapid survey of the town, descriptions of the beauties of the palaces follow, particularly the winter one, sufficiently capacious, it is reported, to accommodate three thousand souls, and having continually a guard of three hundred firemen on the premises, in addition to numerous other attendants, the services of whom are only especially esteemed in the Russian Empire. Then we have italicised, the notion of the "paternal government" of the emperor, which is declared to be a pleasant fiction, a term that very few will, we imagine, be disposed to refute. The manners of NICHOLAS of the Russias might very possibly, when he visited England three years back, have been remarkably insinuating, and his Imperial Majesty estimated as decidedly well bred; nay, we will go further in according to the Emperor an unusual share of the gifts of dame Nature; but when ceased to be viewed sipping his claret at Mivart's, and only seen as the head proprietor of upwards of eighteen millions of male serfs, then it is time to think if the popular visitor to the Queen of England can be the unflinchingly severe monarch about whom so many strange rumours are propagated. The recent revolt in France has been sufficient to chill even tropical blood, but far worse and tenfold more sickening would be the minutæ of a Russian revolution. The serfs, *tiers-état*, as well as the nobles, are not only morally, but physically, enslaved. The death grasp of a Siberian mine proclaims an unnatural subjection, a punishment occasionally diversified by the application of the knout, or, as a specimen of mildness, perpetual imprisonment. Redress for wrongs is a commodity not yet introduced into the country, and from the evidences set forth by the present régime, is not likely to intrude for some time to come into its territories. Punishment is inflicted upon all persons without regard to rank, except it be that the more aristocratic the culprit, the more harsh generally speaking, is his correction. For instance, at a review of the troops before some foreign relations, the late Grand Duke CONSTANTINE wished to impress upon the distinguished visitors the perfection to which military discipline had been brought, and by way of practical illustration, drew his sword, which he coolly ran through the foot of a general standing by him, without a word being spoken on either side. The old soldier bore this flattering mark of condescension most stoically, not even flinching, until the royal torturer retired, satisfied with the experiment, when he was carried from the ground insensible.

The following scene, dating its occurrence at a later period, bears no signs of improvement

in the summary method of inflicting castigations:—

Attached to every house is a man called a doornick, or yard-man, whose duty it is to keep the street clean in front of his master's house, to scrape the snow off the pavement, and to strew it with sand to prevent accidents to foot passengers. The emperor, in walking along the street, slipped and fell; he took down the name of the house he was passing, and going straight to the nearest police station, directed the doornick of that house to be seized and flogged. Short was the shrift allowed the offender; a Persian bastinado would not have been more prompt. Surrounded by all the doornicks of the neighbourhood, collected for the purpose of being edified by the example, stood the unfortunate culprit, in the presence of the whole staff of the police of the district. In the centre of the yard lay a form and two bundles of birchen rods; and all was anxious expectation. At a signal every head was uncovered, in deference, I suppose, to the authority represented by the punishment, and though the thermometer was at ten degrees below freezing point, the offender was seized, stripped schoolboy fashion on similar occasions, and laid flat on the bench. One man sat on his legs and another held his arms crossed beneath the bench, while on each side of him, with a bundle of rods under their arms, stood two other lictors, cutting away alternately at him, and exchanging the rods as often as they got dull, until the whole were expended. The punishment was not severe, there was no blood drawn, and the man, who yelled horribly, walked away after its infliction; it was spun out to three or four hundred blows, cruelly meant and vigorously bestowed, but the art of rod-making has yet to be learnt. Such is paternal discipline; a father correcting his children!

This severe and decided method of endeavouring to correct the indiscretions of Russian subjects, is not an engine of power that reposes in the hands of the Emperor only. As the oppressed in their turn make harsh rulers, so the police and other persons invested with the appointments of preservers of the peace, rigidly follow the example of their chief, and by their proceedings manage to become dreaded by the population in general. The slightest semblance of any thing like street-misconduct places the offender in duration vile for an uncertain number of days, dispensing even with the troublesome formulas of judges, jurymen, &c. from which only the presence of a handsome bribe can emancipate them. As an example of the despatch with which the liberty of the subject is interfered with, we quote the following incident:—

It is not unusual for the Emperor to stop and address a person in the street; but the luckless individual has little to boast of in so flattering a distinction; in a moment he is arrested by one of the ubiquitous agents of the police, and charged with the offence of having addressed the Emperor. He is authoritatively required to repeat the substance of what he had said, and a confinement of some days inevitably follows: which the administration of a bribe, or the extortion of some powerful influence can alone terminate. This occurred to a celebrated French actor, who having been ill, and unable to perform for some time in consequence, was accosted by the Emperor, who inquired after his health, and urged him to resume his theatrical functions as soon as possible. The unfortunate actor was immediately arrested, and had some trouble in getting liberated. The circumstance reached the ears of the Emperor, who, wishing to make him some reparation, desired to know in what manner he could oblige him. "In nothing, Sire," replied the comedian, "but that your Majesty will never condescend to speak to me in the street again."

It would be unfair, in describing the restrictions as well as inconveniences under which this people exist, if we did not admit that they have

privileges which, although assimilating to angel's visits, are worthy of more civilised nations. The citizens, for instance, may raise their wives to their own station, however insignificant may previously have been that of the lady. They may build manufactories without licenses, engage in any scientific pursuit, and the law protects carefully their property. Their judicial tribunals are composed of persons selected from their equals, and by whose decisions alone can they be deprived of their worldly possessions. These privileges, be it understood, apply only to citizens, which, as there are not a vast number, make after all but little cause for boast. Merchants rank according to their monetary qualifications, and crown serfs are permitted, upon special application, to sell beer, keep baths, shops, and hold land (if they can get it) on lease. The introduction of these petty privileges, and the neglect of the more important ones, are but lamentable effects of the deficiency of civilisation. Before Russia can walk, she has attempted to run; before she well knows how to put together a comfortable vehicle, she is about to dabble in railways, and send locomotives through hitherto uncultivated lands. Ice houses are built, but useful institutions for the moral progress of the people are unknown; the few free civilians by stratagem manage to evade the tyrannical officials, but the military are more barbarous than the inhabitants of the back-woods, and live but by sufferance. The power that keeps the kingdom together is hollow; its bands are becoming strained; the fabric may stand for some years, but so rotten is the foundation (although newly built), that the breaking of a single plank might reduce the edifice to a heap of ruins. So unfavourable to the character of the Russians has been the effect of their continual servility, that before they can attempt a release they will have to begin life anew.

Our author suggests, in the annexed passage, a close analogy between the Emperor NICHOLAS and NAPOLEON in manners, as well as in their relative position as monarchs:—

It is said that he affects to imitate Napoleon in some things: and certainly, as regards his interference with, and personal direction of, every thing, he is not behind his prototype. His cabinet is a plain room, and completely that of a man of business; he is never out of uniform, and never lays aside his cocked hat and flowing white panache, excepting he leaves the capital, when he wears a little white foraging cap. With the noblest and most commanding form, he is of Herculean mould, and of an iron constitution, regardless alike of bodily and of mental fatigue; controlling, inspecting every department and establishment himself, he seems possessed of the power of ubiquity. Perfectly unattended, he is either dashing through the streets in a little two-horse droshky, or walking through the crowded thoroughfares, visiting the dockyards and hospitals and other government establishments. He arrives when least expected, and the consequence is that there is no negligence or inattention, but precision—military precision—and uniformity prevail throughout. The very passengers in the streets, and particularly the military, who form a large portion of the crowd, must be on the *qui vive* to salute the monarch as he passes, and this with the military is a matter requiring some dexterity. No officer is allowed to appear in public out of uniform, excepting as regards the cocked hat; this is half uniform, and may be worn in any manner most convenient, and is thus seen surmounting the head at every possible angle; but for saluting it must be worn crossways, and thus the wearer has to shift it to the required position, and at the same time to throw back his large grey cloak, to shew that it conceals no neglect in the regulations of the dress. The effect of this manoeuvre

while the body is being presented front face is very ludicrous. The common soldier has to take off the foraging-cap and carry it for some distance in his hand when passing an officer. These observances may savour of discipline, but not of military bearing; they are not proofs of respect, but rather of that servile subjection towards their superiors which reigns throughout the empire, from the highest to the lowest,—with this remarkable addition as regards the latter, that the lower a man's rank and position is, the more tyrants he has to oppress him, and the greater is his submission.

Russia, from its large extent, may easily be supposed to offer a very attractive field for those sportsmen who glory in the occupation of wolf and bear hunting; the latter is, however, sometimes attended with slightly unpleasant consequences, as may be gleaned from the following circumstance related by our author:

A crowd of peasants surround the place, and among them, at proper intervals, the marksmen take their stand. The dogs are turned in, and, if it be a bear, it is soon roused, and attempts to break the ring; an unsuccessful shot turns him back to appear at another place, and if he be not fortunate enough to get clear, which seldom occurs, his doom is soon fixed. Sometimes there is a difficulty in dislodging him, and the hunters are compelled to enter the wood to face him in his own fastnesses, which is an affair of some danger, as he then often turns, and becomes the attacking party. A gentleman of my acquaintance had a very narrow escape of his life in one of these encounters; and, indeed, but for his strong nerve and high courage he must have perished. In following up a wounded elk, he came most unexpectedly on a she-bear, with two cubs of the previous summer by her side; he fired and missed, and before he had time to defend himself she rose at him and struck him down, but left him in her anxiety for her cubs; he immediately got on his legs, and firing again, wounded the beast, which again ran at him, threw him down in the struggle, tore his thigh with her hind claws, bit him severely through the arm and wrist, and without relinquishing her grasp, stood over him, holding him down. Notwithstanding the acute agony he was suffering, and his almost powerless condition, he contrived to draw his hunting-knife and inflict a deep wound in the region of the heart of the beast, which he, however, just missed, as I saw afterwards, on dissection. After this effort it appears he sank exhausted; but his friend, who had heard the shots from a little distance, having providentially hurried up, though fearfully alarmed at the state of his companion, went up to the head of the bear and discharged his rifle into its brain. The animal fell dead on the body of her unconscious antagonist, who was immediately extricated and restored, and had nerve enough to travel home at speed, a distance of upwards of one hundred miles, to get the assistance there it would have been in vain to have sought for in the wilds of the interior.

Every one who reads carefully any authentic statement of the present condition of the Russian territory can scarcely fail to become convinced of its semi-barbarism. Notwithstanding the vast pecuniary resources in the power of the monarch, his hundreds of thousands of well-drilled troops, the magnificence of the palaces, and the splendour with which they celebrate most of their religious ceremonial observances, there is a deplorable absence of the elements of civilisation in the more important workings of the kingdom. Imagine, for instance, their proceedings in religious matters. Fasting during the time of Lent, as far as regards animal food, is scrupulously adhered to, and the privations to which this course of partial abstinence gives rise are borne with a tolerable degree of fortitude, but upon the sound of the midnight bell on Easter Eve, the mask of repentance is thrown off, cafés, wine-booths, eating-houses,

are in a moment filled, the most unparalleled scenes of licentiousness, debauchery, and gormandising ensue; and it is no exaggeration to say that from this annual excess more deaths occur than from all similar causes throughout the year! Then, again, examine the state of the people. It is one, we repeat, of moral and physical slavery; serfdom is the *status* of one class, and servility is present amongst high and low. There is no literature. They have no fine arts, and but comparatively few men of genius; the mental energies are cramped, and a strong fetter placed upon any thing approaching to social improvement within the territory. Before Russia can ever lay claim to be termed a civilised nation she must alter her code of laws; she must destroy the present dangerous state of society by emancipating, and that thoroughly too, her serfs, and infusing into the minds of the people a stronger attachment to their sovereign, which can only be brought about by loosening the iron bands by which they are now chained.

In conclusion, we present two or three extracts of considerable interest, which help to illustrate these observations.

The condition of fear of arbitrary power in which the people live is best shewn by their conduct, as in this instance of the manner in which they treat

WITNESSES IN RUSSIA.

As the means of enforcing the attendance of witnesses are unknown in Russia excepting by keeping them secure, persons whose testimony is required are actually confined till their services are required. Now, to brave imprisonment, even in furtherance of the ends of justice, is beyond the ordinary bounds of patriotism; hence a tumult in the street, or a crime committed on the highway, is the signal for every passenger to fly in a contrary direction, in order to avoid the duty of giving evidence, which in other countries strengthens the arm of justice. Thus, humanity suffers by this iniquitous abuse of arbitrary power; since to witness a transaction is equivalent to being *particeps criminis*; and, further, to render assistance in cases of accident, illness, or sudden death in the street, involves the humane person in the most dangerous responsibility; for a person found with a corpse must account for the death, and clear himself from the suspicion which his presence inevitably attaches to him. Ignorance, besotted ignorance, increases that hardness of heart and apathy to suffering which this dreadful regulation has made habitual to every Russian. A few days since, as I was walking through one of the principal streets, a respectably-dressed man before me staggered and fell. Like the Levite in the parable, I, with the other passengers, "passed by on the other side"; but I stood at a distance and watched the result. I saw as I passed the man, that it was a case of apoplexy, and that with immediate attention he might probably have recovered: but no—in opposition to the commonest dictates of reason, an inferior policeman, who was attracted to the spot, not daring to act without the authority of his superior, threw a cloth over the man's face, and left him to perish by suffocation while he went for help. The delay, to say nothing of the application of the cloth, was fatal.

The passport system is severely enforced, Mr. THOMPSON says,

Our fate was at length decided; having no passports, we were marched off under a guard of soldiers, and locked up in a large comfortless warehouse. It was ten o'clock a.m. and we had not broken our fast; and we were denied any refreshment, and even the means of communicating with our friends: resistance, therefore, was loudly talked of as time grew on. I declined joining in the scheme, knowing from past experience the means of effecting a quiet escape; which I accomplished at six p.m. after eight hours' confinement. A silver rouble placed in my snuff-box was too tempting a pinch to the sergeant of the guard to be re-

fused, and I was at liberty in a moment. At ten o'clock at night the passports arrived, and I went to claim mine: but the same difficulty was offered to my entrance as there had been before to my exit. The officer in command, seeing me, at once accosted me, "Monsieur, où avez vous été? Je ne vous ai pas trouvé tantôt." "Moi! nullepart," replied I, laughing. "Mais, badinage apart, il faut me le dire, n'est ce pas vous êtes échappé? Comment l'avez vous fait? on vous a aidé?" "Pour ça je suis franc maçon, et garde bien mon secret; mais je vous dit en confiance que je me suis sauvé par mes talents et par mes talons." "Très-bien! mais vous avez donné un rouble d'argent au sergent là bas." "Comment savez vous cela?" "Oh! je le sais bien moi," replied he, tapping his pocket at the same time. I took the trouble to inquire, and found that on missing me he had taxed the sergeant with having received a bribe, and had coolly transferred the douceur to his own pocket.

This is the manner in which the Government sanctions

CLUBS IN RUSSIA.

The club originally established by the English, and still distinguished by their name, is principally composed of the Russian aristocracy and the most influential people, and admission is difficult, in consequence of the vast number of candidates, who are elected by ballot on the occurrence of vacancies. Tchernicheff, the minister of war, who is highly unpopular, on his name being put up, was black-balled by so large a majority that the greatest consternation was created among the balloting parties, who were principally military men. It could not have been a preconcerted plan, because no man would have ventured to have breathed his intention, on account of the certainty of being betrayed. The consequence in this case, where every name would be known, and retribution would certainly be meted out to the innocent as well as the guilty, led to a reconsideration of the vote: a new ballot was decided on; when, as if to prove the terror of "discipline," there was not one black ball. By such acts as these, worthy of the vassals of a Persian satrap, the Russians rivet their own chains and strengthen the bonds which their own servility has formed.

Of course there prevails a strict

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

The law of the censorship is very severe, and works of certain descriptions are strictly prohibited; among which histories of revolutions stand first. The case of books I took with me contained several of that character, and I was naturally anxious not to be deprived of them. They might have been crammed with treason, and I should have had nothing to fear; for a ten-rouble note, applied in the right quarter, brought the box to my door without a nail having been disturbed. The ignorance in this department must be very gross, if it be true, as I have been told, that a book professing to treat on the *revolutions* of the heavenly bodies was detained as being of a dangerous tendency.

One great cause of the prevalent corruption is the multiplicity of Russian nobles, who, however poor, being ashamed to work honestly, depend upon the public employ for a livelihood, and are not very scrupulous how they use their power, so that it produces a profit.

The highest appointments in the various public offices are in the hands of men in the first rank; but the intermediate grades, and their name is legion, are confirmed on an anomalous class, called the *Chinovniks*. These men are free by birth, and would form in other countries a class of gentlemen; but as that distinction is not recognised in Russia, they are, as their name implies, attached to the nobility, among whom they hold the lowest rank. To find employment for this race, the public offices are thronged; and, as they have no property and are miserably paid, they contrive to realise a sufficient income by exacting bribes, or extorting money for services rendered through their interest

with their superiors, for whom they, jackal-like, hunt down the game, and share the spoil. It can easily be conceived that they are not over-scrupulous, and that they contrive impediments for the purpose of levying a fine for their removal.

We must now take leave of Mr. THOMPSON'S instructive volume, from which we believe an exceedingly accurate idea of Russian manners and customs may be gleaned. Want of space is our apology for not following him with greater minuteness in his several journeys through this most extraordinary country. Enough has, however, been quoted to convey a tolerably faithful impression of the tenour of the book, which, wherever read, will not fail to interest, on account of the clear, explanatory style in which it is written, the value of which is heightened by some very well-executed illustrations. As a work detailing the characteristics of the country as observed by an intelligent traveller, its worth will be immediately perceptible, from the simple fact that a vast quantity of very useful information relative to Russia may be culled from its pages, without the weariness which too frequently accompanies the perusal of books of travel.

Narrative of Services in Beloochistan and Affghanistan, in the Years 1840, 1841, and 1842. By Colonel LEWIS ROBERT STACY, C.B. Bengal Native Infantry, Aide-de-camp to her Majesty, &c. &c. London, 1848. Allen and Co.

AFTER many years of service in the army of India, Colonel STACY volunteered into the service of the Affghan war, throughout the whole of which he greatly distinguished himself. He accompanied the reinforcements despatched to General NOTT under General ENGLAND. In the campaign that followed he took a very active part. He was present at Ghuznee and at Cabool; he led the left wing at Istaliff, and he was one of the sufferers in the memorable retreat. To him were the gates of Sonnauth confided, and he brought them home in triumph. Loathing a life of idleness, the gallant colonel joined the forces in their expedition against the Sikhs, and so distinguished himself at Sabraon as to be made the subject of a special notice by Lord GORCH in his despatches.

Such a career must be fraught with adventure, and its reminiscences full of interest for every reader. But we regret to say that with material for one of the most attractive books that military biography has produced, we are presented with one remarkable for its dullness. The reason is, that Colonel STACY has attempted the form of history, when he should have aimed only at anecdote and narrative. With the main facts of the Indian wars every reader is acquainted; they have been repeated so often as to be tedious for their staleness. But personal adventure has always novelty for the reader, even amid the most familiar scenes, and we suspect that it really forms more valuable repertories for the future historian than works which assume the shape of history, and yet are wanting in all the characteristics that make history respected. The worth of this volume lies in its fidelity to fact. But that is a feature also of despatches, and what duller reading can there be than a volume of such documents? Colonel STACY has not done justice to himself. He would amuse the mess-table more by an hour's talk than by all the labour he has expended upon the composition of these pages. Let him set down, in his plain soldierly fashion, the most strange and rare of his personal experiences during the years of

his active service, and he cannot fail to produce a work which will achieve unbounded popularity, and amply compensate for the ill-success which, we fear, will attend the present enterprise. Its character may be judged from this, that we have experienced a difficulty in finding a few passages sufficiently interesting to justify extract in a journal whose design it is to be readable from beginning to end, and not to have a single column that does not offer something worth perusal.

Here is

A BATTLE SCENE.

Two horse-artillery guns were brought into action by the enemy, and admirably served: one was, however, knocked off its carriage by a shot from one of our guns early in the action; the other limbered up, and made off at a tearing pace, when the line broke. Christie's horse had charged the runaways to the right; on their return, hearing that the gun had been taken off, Captain Christie immediately pursued, with Lieutenant Chamberlain and two russalabs of his regiment, resolved to capture it. They soon discovered the tracks of the wheels, and pushing on at a good rate, saw, as they turned the corner of a hill, the gun, and a body of cavalry escorting it. A shout gave the enemy notice of the proximity of our party; their cavalry set off at speed, and the drivers of the gun urged the horses to their utmost, but they soon flagged. Our men came up steadily, hand over hand, the drivers of the gun still exerting themselves to carry it off. Lieutenant Chamberlain's first blow knocked off the driver of the near-wheel horse; the traces of the leaders were cut, and the gun was captured. The man observed to be most active in taking off this gun, who rode the near-wheeler, proved to be a drummer of the 27th regiment of native infantry, who had gone over to the enemy: he was sabred. With the aid of some rope, the harness was repaired; Captain Anderson slung the dismounted gun under one of his wagons, burning the carriage, and the captured gun and four of the gun horses were brought into camp. The guns and carriages were ordered to be destroyed, and the horses and harness were sold by auction.

We take but one other; a scene at

THE COURT OF THE KHAN.

As soon as I saw Rheimidad approaching, I concluded matters had gone wrong, it being Gool Mahomed's office to bring me messages; and the ill-concealed delight which gleamed in the countenance of Rheimidad fortified my conclusion. "The Khan," he said, "presents compliments, and has sent me to inform you he will go no further, and begs you will return to Kelat." I replied, "Well, the Khan is his own master; I will go and take leave of him, when I shall learn the truth from his own lips." Passing through the crowd, who reluctantly gave way, I walked quietly to the compound where the Khan lodged, which was crowded with people, armed, and in a state of great ferment. I inquired for the room in which the Khan was; and finding he did not come to the door to meet me, I looked in, and saw that he was held back by Rheimidad's people, the Khan's usual personal guards having been removed. On entering the room, I perceived two of Rheimidad's servants standing near the Khan, with fierce looks, grasping in a menacing attitude the hilts of their swords, whilst the countenances of all around wore an expression of strong emotion. Not appearing to notice this, I took the young Khan by the hand, and tears stood in his eyes when I said I had come to learn from him whether he really intended to go no farther, and wished me to leave his camp. He replied, without hesitation, in a firm and decisive manner, that he wished to go with me, but the Durbar would not allow him; that letters had been received which affirmed that he was to be seized at Kelat or Shawl Kote; that our own sepoy had said so, and that Shah Newaz was to be replaced upon the throne. I told him that his principal chiefs had not been present when this resolution was formed,

the Sirdars Meer Boheer, Meer Khamal Khan, and Meer Esah Khan having been absent, and I proposed that a Durbar should be called when they should have returned. Atta Khan (who was intoxicated with b'hang at the time) and Fakcer Mahomed interposed, saying the affair was settled, and the Khan would go no further; adding, "Take leave and go; no one is angry with you, but go; you have always spoken truth; but Ross Bell ordered it, who is the higher authority, and the Lord Sabib has removed our friend," meaning me, "and sent Hasly Sahib," meaning Lieutenant Hammersley, "who is our enemy." I asked him to see the letters they referred to, which they admitted came from Kelat; but this they refused, on the pretext that I would hang the writer; and could get nothing from them but a reiteration of their resolution that the Khan should not go further, and of their advice that I should return to Kelat. I appealed to the multitude, declaring I had nothing but the Khan's welfare at heart, and asked whether I had ever been untrue to my engagements. I called upon Gool Mahomed, as the Darogah, to advise his master. "I am humbled in the dust," was the old man's answer. Meer Esah Khan had now returned, and I addressed him, reminding him how he had boasted of the influence and bravery of his tribe. He replied that he was but one, and it was useless for him to speak. "Better leave these people," he said; "they are mad." Before I took leave of the Khan, I made a last effort to inspire him with spirit and energy to act for himself. He repeated that he wished to go with me. "Who, then," I asked, "should prevent you?" Atta Mahomed said, "The Durbar resolve he shall not go." I asked him if he was the sovereign; and the Khan whether he wore a sword and shield to look at? Cries of "Rise! Take leave! Go to Kelat!" which had been heard at intervals, in a subdued voice, were now uttered loudly by most of the assembly. The agitation increased, and Meer Esah Khan, as well as my two Vakeels, earnestly recommended me to take leave. Holding up my hand for silence, I declared I was the friend of the Khan and of the Brahoos, and asked, if I left them, who would shew him the path to his father's throne? I implored them to wait until the absent Sirdars returned that day; but after two hours spent in entreaties and expostulations on my part, and the reiteration of "Rise and go," from the people present, accompanied by a disclaimer of all anger or dissatisfaction towards me, I shook hands with the young Khan, and proceeded deliberately to the door, Meer Esah Khan placing himself behind me, and Moolla Nasseer Oolla and my Brahoos interpreter (who was almost expiring with fright) on either side. I walked very slowly through the crowd, towards the orchard, where my horses and camels were waiting for me.

Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse; with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses. By ALAN STEVENSON, LL.B. F.R.S.E. M.I.C.E. Engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Board. By order of the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. Edinburgh: Black.

As a record of an enterprise requiring extraordinary skill and courage, this superb volume is a permanent contribution to our national literature. The Skerryvore Rock is a dangerous reef lying in the ocean between Ireland and Scotland, upon whose inhospitable reef, in night or storm, many a gallant vessel and her crew have perished. In 1814 an Act of Parliament was obtained for building a lighthouse there, but in consequence of various obstacles it was not actually commenced till 1838. In that year "a barrack," as it is called, was erected for the accommodation of the workmen, but it was destroyed in November by a storm. But the engineer returned to the work, erected another barrack, and spent the year 1839 in preparing the foundation; in 1840 materials were landed, the foundation laid, and the tower was begun. In the next

year it was raised upwards of forty feet, and in 1842 it was completed. It is now the highest on the British coast, rising 138 feet, while the height of the Bell Rock is only 100 feet, and that of the Eddystone 68 feet. The cost was 90,268*l.* and not a single life was lost by accident during the operations.

But this was owing to care rather than to the absence of danger. The description of Life on a Rock, as contained in this narrative, is extremely curious for its novelty, and as a proof of the capacity of the human mind to adapt itself to any situation into which it may be thrown. For instance, these are

LIGHTHOUSE PLEASURES.

The economy of our life on the rock was strange enough. At half-past three in the morning we were called, and at four the work commenced, continuing till eight, when half-an-hour was given for breakfast; after which it was carried on till two, when another half-hour was given for dinner; and the work was again resumed and continued till seven, eight, and even nine o'clock, when anything urgent was in hand. Supper was then produced and eaten with more leisure and comfort in the cool of the evening. Such protracted exertion produced a continual drowsiness, and almost every one who sat down fell fast asleep. I have myself repeatedly fallen asleep in the middle of breakfast or dinner; and have not unfrequently awakened, pen in hand, with a half-written word on the paper! Yet life on the Skerryvore Rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds, which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals, the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn stillness of a deep blue vault studded with stars or cheered by the splendour of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was necessarily so much time for reflection. Those changes, together with the continual succession of hopes and fears connected with the important work in which we were engaged, and the oft-recurring calls for advice or direction, as well as occasional hours devoted to reading and correspondence, and the pleasure of news from home, were more than sufficient to reconcile me to—nay, to make me really enjoy an uninterrupted residence, on one occasion, of not less than five weeks on that desert rock.

And these were

LIGHTHOUSE DANGERS.

Owing to the great difficulty of landing on the rock in the early part of May (1840), few opportunities occurred of preparing the barrack as a habitation; and it was not until the 14th of that month that we were enabled to take up our quarters in it; and even then we were most uncomfortably lodged, as many of the smaller fittings which are essential to a wind-and-water-tight habitation had not been completed. During the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments (upwards of forty feet above the rock) with water, at times when heavy sprays lashed the walls of the barrack with great violence, and also during rainy weather; and in northerly gales we had much difficulty in keeping ourselves warm. On one occasion, also, we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer; and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the winds and the thunder of the waves, which were at times so loud as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. For several days the seas rose so high as to prevent our attempting to go down to the rock; and the cold and comfortless nature of our abode reduced all hands to the necessity of seeking warmth in bed, where (rising only to our meals) we generally spent the greater part of the day listening to the howling of the winds and the beating of the waves, which occasionally made the house tremble in a startling

manner. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated only to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed across my mind on being awakened one night by a heavy sea which struck the barrack, and made my cot or hammock swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and tremour, immediately sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea. The alarm, however, was very short; and the solemn pause which succeeded the cry was soon followed by words of reassurance and congratulation. Towards the end of the fourteen days, I began to grow very uneasy, as our provisions were drawing to a close; and when we were at length justified by the state of the sea on the rock in making the signal to those on shore (at the hour fixed for pointing the telescope at Hynish on the barrack), that a landing could be effected, we had not more than twenty-four hours' provision on the rock.

The mining operations seem to have astonished "the natives."

No inconsiderable part of the labour of this season was devoted to the clearing of the landing-place, which was formed in a natural creek; and in excavating the rocks in front of the line of wharf, so as to admit the vessels carrying the building-materials to come alongside of it. That work could only be done at certain times of tide and during very fine weather, and was therefore tedious as well as hazardous. After two entire days spent in cutting with a sickle, mounted on a long pole, the thick cover of gigantic sea-weed, which hid the true form of the rock from view, we were able to mark out the line of the wharf; and after all the mines were bored and charged, and the tide had risen, and every one had retired from the spot, the whole were fired at the same instant, by means of the galvanic battery, to the great amazement and even terror of some of the native boatmen, who were obviously much puzzled to trace the mysterious links which connected the drawing of a string at the distance of about one hundred yards, with a low murmur, like distant thunder, and a sudden commotion of the waters in the landing-place, which boiled up, and then belched forth a dense cloud of smoke: nor was their surprise lessened when they saw that it had been followed by a large rent in the rock; for so effectually had the simultaneous firing of the mines done its work, that a flat face for a quay had been cleared in a moment, and little remained to be done to give the appearance of a regular wharf and to fit it for the approach of a stone-lighter, except attaching wooden fenders and a trap ladder.

One of their amusements was to watch the movements of

THE SEALS.

Amongst the many wonders of the "great deep" which we witnessed at the Skerryvore, not the least is the agility and power displayed by the unshapely seal. I have often seen half-a-dozen of those animals round the rock, playing on the surface or riding on the crests of curling waves, come so close as to permit us to see their eyes and head, and lead us to expect that they would be thrown high and dry at the foot of the tower; when suddenly they performed a somersault within a few feet of the rock, and diving into the flaky and wreathing foam, disappeared, and as suddenly reappeared a hundred yards off, uttering a strange low cry, as we supposed, of satisfaction at having caught a fish. At such times the surf often drove among the crevices of the rock a bleeding cod, from whose back a seal had taken a single moderate bite, leaving the rest to some less fastidious fisher.

The scientific details will be extremely valuable to all who may be hereafter engaged in similar operations.

A Plea for Phonetic Spelling. By A. J. ELLIS. Second Edition.

AN energetic argument in favour of the universal adoption of Phonography. There can be no doubt that it would be desirable, and that incalculable advantages would result from it. The difficulty is to change the habits of the world. If it has been found so impracticable to make the people change their weights and measures, how much more hopeless to induce them to change their mode of spelling—to send them all to school again. Still we admire the effort and the zeal with which it is pursued.

Knight's Monthly Volumes for all Readers. C. Cox.

SINCE we last noticed this publication three numbers have been issued. The second series of Mr. BANFIELD'S *Industry of the Rhine* is devoted to a description of its manufactures, and the social condition of the manufacturing population. A *Sketch of the History of Monkeys* presents a complete natural history of the tribe, illustrated with a great number of engravings, and abounding in anecdotes. The first part of a new edition of the history of *Secret Societies of the Middle Ages* will be valuable at this time, as marking the contrast between the manner in which political objects were pursued then and now—then by secret conspiracy, now by open discussion through the press or by speeches—a change that is a vast improvement.

ART.

Lectures on Painting. By the Royal Academicians, BARRY, OPIE, and FUSELI. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, critical and illustrative, by RALPH N. WORNUM. London, 1848. Bohn.

MR. WORNUM appropriately ushers in these Lectures with an Introduction describing the rise and progress of European Academies of Arts, and short biographical notices of the three artists whose endeavours to instruct others in the theory and practice of the art in which they excelled are collected in this volume.

Of these, the Lectures of BARRY are the most convincing; of OPIE, the most plain-spoken; of FUSELI, the most eloquent. Each illustrates the character of the man. BARRY commands attention, OPIE wins it, but FUSELI absorbs it. The first has power, the second pleases, the third astonishes. BARRY was evidently the most deeply versed in his art: he understood it, while FUSELI felt it. Hence BARRY uttered his convictions, while FUSELI sought to give utterance to his emotions. BARRY was more of an artist in knowledge than in skill; he knew more than he was able to perform; he painted by rule, and his pictures shew the results of rule. But FUSELI endeavoured to embody his glowing imaginations. He failed, indeed, for no colour or form could express them; but his failures were often more wonderful than other men's successes. His lectures in this volume will be the most popular with the general reader, although the artist and the amateur will probably prefer to study BARRY and OPIE. Seldom, indeed, have we read more glowing and animated discourses, pages more full of poetry and passion, finding vent in a stream of the most vivid eloquence, in such passages as this:—

ON COLOUR.

To colour, when its bland purity tinges the face of innocence and sprouting life, or its magic charm traces in imperceptible transitions the forms of beauty; when its warm and ensanguined vigour stamps the vivid principle that animates full-grown youth and the powerful frame of manhood, or in paler gradations marks animal decline; when its

varieties give truth with character to individual imitation, or its more comprehensive tone pervades the scenes of sublimity and expression, and dictates the medium in which they ought to move, to strike our eye, in harmony,—to colour, the florid attendant of form, the minister of the passions, the herald of energy and character; what eye, not tinged by disease or deserted by nature, refuses homage?

But of colour, when equally it overwhelms the forms of infancy, the milky germ of life, and the defined lines of manhood and of beauty with lumpy pulp; when, from the dresser of the Graces, it becomes the handmaid of deformity, and with their spoils decks her limbs, shakes hands with meanness, or haunts the recesses of loathsomeness and horror; when it exchanges flesh for roses, and vigour for vulgarity; absorbs character and truth in hues of flattery, or changes the tone demanded by sublimity and pathos into a mannered medium of playful tints;—of colour, the slave of fashion and usurper of propriety, if still its charms retain our eye, what mind, unseduced by prejudice or habit, can forbear to lament the abuse?

As this volume belongs to Mr. BOHN'S *Scientific Library*, and therefore is accessible to readers of every class, we need do no more than thus introduce it to their notice, assured that it needs no other recommendation than it carries upon its title-page.

The Art-Union Monthly Journal for July.—An exquisite engraving of ETTY'S "Cupid and Psyche," another of WESTMACOTT'S "Happy Mother" and a third of CAREW'S "Arethusa," are contained in this number. The woodcuts are even more numerous, and if possible more beautiful than ever; illustrating such congenial themes as "The History of Costume in France," "Original Designs for Manufactures," and the "Application of Science to the Fine Arts," besides all the intelligence of the last month relating to Art at home and abroad.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

OUR concluding notice has been, from several causes, unavoidably postponed until now. Although late, we feel that we should not be doing our duty to our readers did we not record our opinion of the merits of the more prominent works of art hitherto unnoticed in the CRITIC. We therefore hasten to terminate our pleasing task, and without reference to regularity take

No. 219. *Aberystwith Castle, sunrise, misty morning*—H. C. SELONS.—A capital picture, reminding us strongly of TURNER in his palmy days, the veiled sunlight of a misty morning pervading every point of the painting. It can, however, only be viewed at the risk of dislocating the neck. Is this your method of exalting genius, Royal Academicians?

No. 129. *The Dead Kid*—A. COOPER, R.A.—Though small, is one of the best of this veteran painter's contributions. A girl discovering her kid dead—nothing more. An unpretending subject, yet treated so that its very simplicity most assists in conveying the sentiment.

No. 262. *From Il Penseroso*—C. W. COPE, R.A. elect:—

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy;
Hail, divinest Melancholy.

breathes the very soul of MILTON'S poetry—chaste, classic, yet as unconstrained, and un-Germanic as could be desired. We prefer it to the *Wolsey*, by the same painter, great as it is.

Why such a picture as No. 642 (*Louis Philippe receiving the Address of the Corporation of London*, by ALAUX) is not only admitted, but hung so prominently, we cannot conceive; it is no work of art, an unpleasing line of commonplace portraits, fit and interesting only for where and for whom it was painted.

No. 653. *Long Reach, on the Thames*—Dutch Galliot, &c.—C. D. SMITH.—A breezy bit of nature, with a true open daylight effect on the dancing water. The galliot, under press of sail,

seems running out of the picture, so well is the foreshortening managed.

No. 643. *Meal-time*—*Haymaking Season*—combines in a great degree two excellences not often found in one painter, good landscape and good cattle and figure painting. The tone of colour is most refined; perhaps too much so.

No. 671. *The Marriage Settlement*—*Time of the Restoration*, by T. F. MARSHALL.—This is a great stride in the right direction. The incident is well told, the characters expressively marked—good in colour, whilst the accessories are profuse, yet most carefully manipulated. Altogether a picture meriting a better position than has been awarded to it.

No. 383. *A Summer Morning* (the joint production of Messrs. LEE and COOPER) is lovely, the breath of morning seems stealing over the canvass.

No. 503, by the same, though clever, is not so taking.

No. 395. Mr. FRITH'S best picture (*An old Woman accused of having bewitched a Girl*), carries us back to the period represented by the felicitous tact this admirable artist possesses of thoroughly imbuing the canvass with his thoughts—his characters think and speak. From the justice who perceives the real witch in the person of the girl's lover, down to the "insolence of office" keeping the doorway. Equally excellent, though not so important, are 573 and 591, by the same.

No. 416, *Highgate Fields during the great Fire of London in 1666*—E. M. WARD, A.—is a retrograde movement of Mr. WARD'S; good in parts, but rambling and scattered in composition, whilst the central incident, the recovery of a lost child, fails to interest the beholder in the midst of such a terrible calamity; neither does Solomon Eagle, from his position in the picture, exert the influence on the mind which such a character should. It is an elaborate work, but wants concentration. Much better is his *Interview between Charles II. and Nell Gwynne*, No. 587.

No. 495. *The Artist's Portfolio*—near Rome—P. WILLIAMS.—Some peasants rummaging an artist's portfolio is a capital picture. The countenances expressive of eager delight; and painted with a fine full tone of colour.

No. 529. *Queen Elizabeth discovers she is no longer young*—A. EGG—is a work of rare merit. The face of the Queen is a wonderful study—mortified vanity and despair struggling with the woman and the Queen for mastery, whilst her own conviction is sealed in that of the spectator through the beauty of her attendants.

Mr. W. D. KENNEDY'S *Palmer and Sir Guyon's Approach to the Bower of Bliss* (No. 511) is not what was to be expected from him; the figures are awkward and Frenchified.

Neither is Mr. P. F. POOLE'S *Arlète discovered by Robert the Devil* (No. 440) to be admired; it has the same fault which condemns Mr. WARD'S picture—want of concentration.

No. 542. *Catherine of Arragon appealing to Henry VIII.*—H. O'NEIL.—We have on a previous occasion had to speak disparagingly of Mr. O'NEIL, and it is therefore with tenfold pleasure we accord our meed of praise to this very successful effort; it is truly a great picture, well conceived, excellent in drawing, and the air of entreaty of the Queen most touching, but of no avail with the Eighth HENRY.

No. 485. *Christ and the Sisters of Bethany*—F. STONE—is out of the line of subject usually taken by this artist, and the departure has not proved judicious.

No. 564. *Departure of Emigrants*—F. GOODAL—disappoints; it lacks both intention and power.

No. 556. *Chequered Shade*, by CRESWICK, is a sweet bit of nature.

No. 579. *A Squally Day*, by the same, displays the versatility of his genius.

No. 607. *Harvey demonstrating to Charles I. the Circulation of the Blood*—R. HANNAH—is a brilliant picture by this rapidly-rising artist; the individuality of the characters is a perfect triumph.

No. 620. *The Eve of the Deluge*—J. LINNELL.—A grand conception of the advent of the awful

visitation: the family of NOAH in the foreground; the long line of beasts treading onward to the Ark, in the middle distance; the ominous confusion of the elements; all indicate the coming event, without need of reference. It has, we believe, been purchased by Mr. Gillott, at the price of 1,000 guineas.

No. 595. *The Evening Gun—a Calm on the Shore of England*—F. DANBY.—Of all the pictures of its class in the Exhibition this is the one most to be coveted, the delicious feeling of calm repose pervading the scene, the mass of clouds sinking with the sun in the west; the sluggish tide indicated by the buoy, the scarcely breathing stillness, broken by the booming of the solitary evening gun, scarcely unsettling the heavy sea-fowl, tells of good-night to nature—it is a poem. MILTON, had he been a painter, would so have painted.

No. 545. *Trafalgar, 1805*—G. ARMITAGE—representing the death of NELSON, is not by any means a successful embodying of this much-painted subject.

No. 1,249. *A Ball-room in the year 1760*—A. SOLOMON.—An artist who achieved his celebrity a year or two since by his excellent picture, *The Breakfast-table*, representing a black servant stealthily conveying a letter almost under an old gentleman's eyes to his daughter,—agreeable perhaps, but wrong; the one we are now before is of quite another character, but equally admirable; it is full of figures who live and move under the influence of the variety of deep passions and transient impressions which the scene represented is calculated to awaken; the subject is excellently made out, from the handsome gallant soliciting the hand of budding beauty, and the jealous rival and her indignant mother, down to the scandal-makers in the corner. The picture labours under the great disadvantage of being hung next to the architectural drawings, the contrast of the white paper being ruinous to the effect of oil painting.

In the Miniature Room are some excellent works by THORBURN, especially No. 884—*Miss Collinson*; also by CARRICK, TIFFIN, and BASEBE. Those of Saml. Rogers, Esq. by CARRICK; *Miss Ross*, by TIFFIN; and *Miss Powell*, by BASEBE, are particularly worthy of notice.

The sculpture is not so attractive as usual. No. 1,326, *Aurora*, by GIBSON, is, however, a work of great beauty. Of those next worthy of notice are, No. 1,320, *Dancing-girl reposing*, W. E. MARSHALL, No. 1,315, *Eucharis and Cupid*, R. J. WYATT, No. 1,340, *Una and the Lion*, J. HANCOCK, and No. 1,354, *A Drawing-Room Chimney-Piece*, W. C. MARSHALL,—a conception in the purest taste, and displaying a most fertile invention.

MUSIC.

The Three Voices, the Past, the Present, and the Future. Published in aid of the Asylum for Aged Governesses.

THE words of this song are extremely pretty, and they have been set to very appropriate music. It will be an acceptable addition to the portfolio, even apart from the benevolent purpose for which it was published,—namely, to aid the funds of the Aged Governesses's Asylum, one of the best of the many charitable societies that adorn our age and country. Persons who are desirous at once to contribute a trifle to its funds, and possess themselves of a very sweet song, have but to send twenty-eight postage-stamps to Mr. N. ROBINSON, 18, Holland-street, North Brixton, and their double purpose will be attained—they will help the Asylum, and receive the song by return of post.

I cannot tell thee how I love thee. A Ballad. Written by JOSEPH OLIVER, Esq. Composed by GEO. J. O. ALLMANN. London: Lewis & Co. A PRETTY expressive ballad, proving that Mr. ALLMANN possesses not genius only, but the industry necessary to its permanent fame. Progress is visible in every new production.

SIGNOR BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—SIGNOR BENEDICT'S Annual Grand Concert took place a few

days since at the Concert-room in the Opera. It was thronged by an assemblage of rank and fashion, the Duke of Cambridge and other members of the royal family being present. It will be unnecessary now to detail the various attractions of art by which the concert was extended through five hours. Almost every notability now in England took part in it. BENEDICT proved himself, among so many rivals, almost, if not quite, the greatest, and was, as he deserved to be, immensely applauded.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM.—PARIS.—In addition to the numerous attractions of this Establishment, now exhibiting (Day and Evening), a new GRAND PANORAMA OF PARIS BY MOONLIGHT, as seen from a balloon suspended over the Gardens of the Tuilleries, comprising 46,000 square feet, produced under the direction of Mr. William Bradwell, and painted by Mr. Danson, from drawings taken expressly in 1846. Open from 10 till 6, and from 7 till 11. Music from 2 till 5, and during the evening. Admission, 2s.; Children and Schools half-price. Cavers, ls.

THE OPERAS.—Her Majesty's Theatre has at length obtained the decided pre-eminence after a long struggle under many disadvantages. Public opinion has declared for it unequivocally by crowded boxes, when its rival is almost deserted. Nor is this approval limited to "JENNY LIND nights." It extends to those that have not her presence to attract an audience, shewing that it is not for her sake only that the house looks so cheerful. The truth is that custom in such a case is all powerful. The Haymarket is the ancient *habitat* of the lyric drama. It is haunted by a thousand reminiscences of past triumphs; the shades of the great vocalists who have appeared upon its stage, of the great masters who have directed its orchestras, are there felt, though not seen, and so long as it is the accustomed place of royalty and nobility, and Mr. LUMLEY continues his efforts to produce the best talent that can be had, he will find the same support, and the ruin that was threatened will fall only upon those who had planned it, and not upon him against whom the plot was levelled. The season is now drawing to a close. If it has not yielded so much money, because the mania for seeing JENNY LIND had so far subsided that people would not pay, as formerly, threefold its regular price for a box or a stall, in numbers of its visitors Her Majesty's theatre has probably surpassed any former season. JENNY LIND, too, has appeared in two or three new parts, and in each with entire success. On Thursday, she was introduced in *La Nozze di Figaro*. A friend who was present informs us that it was as full of genius as any of her former efforts. We were prevented from being there, and we shall not have an opportunity of witnessing her performance of it before this number goes to press; but we hope to report the result of our observations in the next CRITIC. As for the ballet Mr. LUMLEY has achieved another great triumph of the art in *Les Quatre Saisons*, which is not only magnificently got up in its scenery and decorations, but presents the united attraction of CERITO, ROSATI, LOUISE TAGLIONI, and CARLOTTA GRISI, and without the interposition of a male dancer. It is the most beautiful and perfect thing of the kind that was ever brought upon the stage, and its success has been equal to its merits. All who have not seen it should hasten to do so before the season closes.

THE THEATRES.—The season is fast drawing to an end. The HAYMARKET closed on Monday with an eloquent address from Mr. WEBSTER, who talked of losses to the amount of 8,000*l.* but expressed confidence in a brighter future. He justified his opposition to the Drury Lane invaders.—DRURY LANE opened on Monday for one night, by special command of Her Majesty, to bid farewell to MACREADY, who is quitting a country which affords no other support than applause to the greatest actor of his age, for shores where genius is better appreciated. The house was thronged, noisy, and enthusiastically loyal. But MACREADY cannot fail to carry with him a sickly sense of the hollowness of such homage. Why, when he occupied the national stage as a manager—an efficient and a generous one—was not one half the support given that is accorded now? Then he might have stayed among us, to maintain the public and private reputation of the British Actor.

The PRINCESS'S Theatre is approaching the close of its season. Madame THILLON is repeating to crowded benches her clever performance of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, and while that draws so well Mr. MADDOX should not close his doors.

THE ADELPHI.—Ever fortunate, this theatre abides in constant favour, under the attractions of WRIGHT, PAUL BEDFORD, Miss WOOLGAR, and Madame CELESTE, aided by its excellent melodramas, which absorb the attention of those who most abuse them. *Harvest Home* still keeps its place upon the bills, and still draws crammed benches.

Before the next season we will take the liberty of throwing out to the managers a few hints, which have been suggested to us by long and anxious observation, of the causes of the decline of the drama, and the means by which, as it seems to us, the public interest in it may be revived.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Out-door amusements best suit the season, and consequently they have now the preference with the inhabitants of, as well as with the visitors to, the metropolis. Vauxhall Gardens are of course taking the lead, as usual, and the attractions they offer are very great. Besides, they have become a fashionable as well as a popular resort. Coroneted carriages line the road to it, and the proprietors are making the greatest efforts to deserve the support they are receiving.

THE COLOSSEUM.—Gratification of curiosity appears to incite to a desire to repeat a visit to the marvellous panorama of Paris, to which events have given so extraordinary an interest. So accurate is this picture, that every spot signalized in the late insurrection may be indicated by the finger.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, and Princess Mary of Cambridge, attended by Baron Knesbeck, the Duke of Portland, Marquis of Salisbury, the Archbishop of Armagh and party, Count D'Orsay, Lady Blessington and party, Lady Pimloch, Lord Kenmore, Sir Edward M'Naghten, Lady Rolle, Miss Percival, Mrs. Ball, Scott Murray, esq. Sebastia Smith, esq. and party, visited the Royal Colosseum this week.

THE DIORAMA.—Of day exhibitions there is none more pleasing than this, which presents a view of Mount Etna, as seen first before sunrise, in solemn twilight, then in the full glow of morning, then in deep night, with a mighty eruption, so real that it is difficult to avoid shuddering. The other view of St. Mark's at Venice is equally marvellous in its effects.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNETS.

WATERSMEET, NORTH DEVON.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE past comes o'er us at strange hours, when we
Are thinking nor of present, nor of things to be,
Hid, worm-like, in the bud of the to BE.
Perchance, while sitting by wood-bosomed springs,
A shadow flits across the waters. . . . See!
The pinions of a bird, with flutterings
Of disappointed thirst, recall such stings
As a whole day's reflective memory
Might fail to summon! So, by Lynmouth's rivers,
There, where the waters meet in cadenced brightness,
I looked within the crystal pool—and shivers
Of momentary fear quelled all the lightness
Of my young thoughts; for in the stream there shone
An old and withered face—alas! it was my own!
"Old, withered face! thou shadow in the stream!
Young, frivolous thoughts, ye shadows of the mind!
Ye do not fit each other!—Nor behind
The wrinkled visage should a wizard-beam
Shew false enticement! In my heart I find
Too much of youth's vain longings, and the gleam
Of a wild light, Ambition, makes life seem
A walk of cowslip paths, where only wind
Wide devious ways of error!" Thus I said
As there I sat, changed from my changeful mood
Of gay young hope to old and pensive thought,
Till by degrees, e'en as a bright bird floats
Slowly towards one from a darkness mood,
My idle dreams returned in sunshine o'er my head.

JOURNAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

EFFICACY OF LIQUID MANURE.—An experiment to test the efficacy of liquid manure has lately been tried by the Manchester Irrigation Company, on a clover field belonging to Mr. I. G. Smith, of Barton. About three tons of urine, largely diluted with water from the Irwell (itself containing much fertilizing matter), was distributed by means of the steam pumps and hose over each acre of the field, on the 23rd of March, and again on the 4th of May, a portion of the field being left untouched for the purpose of comparison. Specimens of the clover and grass were cut on the 31st of May, and it was found that the product on the unirrigated part of the field was

eight and a half tons, while rather more than seventeen tons was growing on that which had been irrigated; in quality the latter was somewhat superior. The land was last manured three years ago, and since then one crop of potatoes and two of grain have been taken off. Several other experiments, with similar results, have been tried, but we have not yet received an exact statement of the facts. The expediency of employing manure in the liquid form, will shortly be placed beyond all question.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*, June 24.

Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

ANSON, Rev. George H. G. to Augusta Agnes, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds, on the 27th ult. at the parish church, Leeds.
RICHARDSON, William, esq. landscape painter, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Mills, of Waltham, near Canterbury, on the 24th ult. at the Church of St. Michael's, Highgate.
PLUMPTRE, the Rev. Edward Hayes, second son of E. H. Plumtre, esq. of the Temple, Lecturer of King's College, London, to Harriet Theodosia, youngest daughter of the Rev. Michael Maurice, of Notting-hill, on the 5th inst. at Hurstmonceaux, Sussex.
SELWYN, the Rev. Edward John, Head Master of Blackheath Proprietary School, and eldest son of the Rev. Edward Selwyn, Rector of Hemingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire, to Henrietta Delacour, third daughter of the Rev. Peter Maingay, Minister of St. James's Church, Guernsey, on the 1st inst. at the parish church of St. Andrew, in the above island.

DEATHS.

DE CHATEAUBRIAND, M. on the 4th inst. at Paris, aged 79.
LAUDER, Sir Thomas Dick, bart. F.R.S.E. last week, in Edinburgh. The freedom and felicity of his style approached nearer to that of Sir Walter Scott than any contemporary instance that can be adduced; and, indeed, when his first contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine*, "Simon Roy, Gardener at Dumphail," appeared, so early, we think, as the first or second number of that celebrated periodical, the conductors of that able work were tempted to add, "Written, we have no doubt, by the author of *Waverley*." To *Blackwood* and the other periodicals of his early days, Sir Thomas contributed numerous fugitive pieces, equally acceptable and equally excellent. He was greatly signalled by an excellent paper on "The Parallel Roads of Glenroy," which at an early period he read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and which may be regarded as the foundation of his literary fame. In early life he also published his two novels, "Lochindhu," a romance, and "The Wolf of Badenoch." The most remarkable works that have since emanated from his pen have been "The Floods in Moray, in 1829;" "Highland Rambles, with Long Tales to Shorten the Way;" "Gilpin's Forest Scenery;" "Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque;" "Tour Round the Coasts of Scotland;" and "The Queen's Visit of 1842."
M'DONALD, Doctor, one of the oldest as well as the ablest practitioners in the north of Ireland, on the 30th ult. at Cavan. For upwards of thirty years he was physician to the County Fever Hospital in that town, the ordinary duties of which (together with a most extensive practice) he discharged with that skill and untiring energy that marked his whole life. By his death the medical profession has sustained a most severe loss. He will never cease to be deplored by his family and a numerous circle of admiring friends; while his intellectual attainments will long remain the theme of his professional brethren.
RICHARDSON, Mr. G. F. of the British Museum, last week. Mr. Richardson was the author of a *Geology for Beginners*.
THOM, Mrs. the widow of the Inverury poet, last week, leaving three children.
ZSCHOKKE, Henry, the celebrated writer, on the 27th ult. at Aarau, in Switzerland, aged 77. His name fills no mean page in the annals of German literature and Swiss history. A native of Magdeburg, in Prussia, Zschokke commenced life by joining a company of strolling players, and afterwards studied philosophy and divinity at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. After many years of travel and varied adventures, he devoted himself to the education of youth, and fixed his residence in Switzerland at the close of the last century. His political services to Switzerland were important, and he ever after considered it as his adopted country. For the last forty years he resided in his peaceful retreat at Aarau; whilst his pen almost unceasingly brought forth works of philosophy, history, criticism, and fiction. The mere enumeration of his productions would considerably exceed the limits of this sketch. They belong to the pure school of classic German literature, and his histories of Bavaria and Switzerland remain as noble monuments of talent. His beautiful tales have been translated into almost every language. His chequered life had endowed him with a rare insight into the springs of human actions; and few writers in any age or country have more largely contributed, during the course of a long life, to entertain and improve their fellow-men.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—The young girl of whom I spoke in the article you inserted, June 1, gave us an interesting evening at Bristol, where we visited a little private party last week.

After passing very quietly into a most profound state of abstraction, she told us that she was very grieved, that she was engaged looking at a little child who was in the nurse's arms in the kitchen—"his state was very sad to look at."

A medical gentleman who was present, prompted me with surgical questions, which she calmly and readily answered. The conclusions gained were, that her power of seeing and describing the inward physical condition of this case was most strictly in accordance with professional opinion, only that she had laid open the morbid anatomy in this disease in a way that no scientific eye could penetrate. She shewed that the involuntary and spasmodic contractions of all the voluntary muscles, and also the general paralysis, which were the sufferings of the child, arose from the state of the cerebellum. She observed the back part of the head, which she traced all round with great caution, tenderness and ease, not describing the surface only, but in the "thickness" of the diseased part, and pronounced it to be in a state of hard, black, congealed blood, yet that it was soft in the middle, and did not at all look like other brains, as it was all in one mass. She traced the muscles and shewed that it was impossible that he would ever be able to stand, "for his head could not be supported—it would fall on the shoulders" (which is the fact). She saw, too, that he never could command the use of his hand sufficiently to feed himself. And that the tongue could not be governed so as to be brought to pronounce words, but that, from the nature of the front part of the head, he would be able to learn and to understand and to make himself understood by those who were accustomed to him. She saw no signs of death in him; but decidedly no cure for this distressing complaint.

We asked her if she could give us the cause? After a quiet pause, she said, "that it arose from a fright, some little time before he was born."

This assertion much surprised the parents, who wished me to ask her if she could tell what fright. She said "Yes, it was a fall down stairs, which turned the child's head, and he never would have this part of his head, which had never been perfected."

A gentleman wished me to ask her if she would look at him, which she did at once, and said she saw by his "right ear that he could not hear very well"—there was a vein too full; and the same on his left. She said that he was not in pain then, but was sometimes, and placed her finger exactly on the part which she said should have one leech just where her finger was,—that would relieve the vein; nothing else would do any good. We asked her if it was from study, or from drinking. She said "No; he does not drink beer, wine, or spirits." He said "that was certainly true, as he neither took it himself nor handed it to another."

The next discovery she made was a little chubby infant, which seemed to please her exceedingly. She amused herself with it for some time, when I asked her if that child was well. "No one would think he was ill to look at him. He looks well enough in the face, but he is ill though for all that." "Is it the irritation about his arms that makes you say so?" "No; I am looking at his lungs. The lungs have a great deal of phlegm in them: it is not white, it is slate colour. When that is put right, all that scorbutic appearance on the skin will go away. The blood about the lungs is of a very dark colour: I see it going all over—and it is that causes his great irritation. Give him a teaspoonful of antimonial wine fasting twice a week." "How old is the child?" "A year and a half." This was correct. "Would you give so young a child so large a dose?" "It will make him very sick, but he will soon forget it."

The symptoms and anatomy given by her in each of the above cases were strikingly correct; and, unquestionably, in internal disease such information must be allowed to be highly valuable since in many cases the knowing the cause of a complaint is half the cure.

LAVINIA JONES.

45, New King-street, Bath.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE announcements of the season are meagre in the extreme. Mr. Colburn announces *The Castle-reagh Papers*, in four octavo volumes; Mr. Murray, *Lavengro, an Autobiography*, by George Borrow, author of *The Bible in Spain*; and Messrs. Smith and Elder, *The Town; its Memories of Great Men and Events*, in two octavo volumes, by Leigh Hunt. We are requested to state that it is not true that M. Benjamin Laroche, the translator of Scott and Byron, was killed at Paris. His being the editor of a journal (*La Tribune*) may have contributed to his being confounded with some person bearing a similar name. At the special request of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, it was proposed to confer the honorary degree of D.C.L. on Mr. Alexander Beresford Hope, at the Oxford commemoration, in consideration of his munificent donation of 60,000*l.* for the establishment of a Missionary College at Canterbury. The Queen has conferred a pension on the Civil List of 100*l.* per annum on the sisters of the late Professor McCullagh, of Trinity College, Dublin, who were left destitute by his early and lamented death. This makes 700*l.* out of 1,200*l.* annually set apart for this fund. M. Gallenga has been appointed to the Professorship of the Italian Language and Literature at University College, London, which was recently vacated by the resignation of Count Pepoli. The subscription for poor Thom's relatives now amounts to 250*l.* The widow of the poet has died, thus leaving the children without other means of support than the fund may procure them. A sale of rare autographs has lately been concluded by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of Wellington-street, Strand. The following were the most interesting:—A letter of Sterne to Garrick, asking for the loan of 20*l.*; sold for 3*l.* An order of Cowper, the poet, on Johnson, his bookseller, for the payment of 40*l.*; sold for 1*l.* 10*s.* A letter of Theodore Beza, the theologian and reformer; sold for 1*l.* 10*s.* The treaty of peace between England and Portugal, signed by "Oliver Cromwell," as Protector; sold for 2*l.* 8*s.* The signature of Robert Ferrars, Bishop of St. David's, burnt at Carmarthen, March 30, 1555, by order of his successor, Bishop Morgan, for heresy; sold for 2*l.* 14*s.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Allison's (A.) History of Europe, &c. Vol. XIX. 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—A Beckett's (Mrs.) Companion to the Berlin Wool House, square, 6*d.*—Ashwell (S.) On the Diseases of Women, 3rd edit. 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—Birch's (W. J.) Philosophy and Religion of Shakespeare, 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bingham's (Miss F. L.) Poems, 2nd edit. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl. swd.—Bohn's Scientific Library, "Lectures on Painting," post 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Bohn's Antiquarian Library, "Ellis's Metrical Romances," post 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Boetius's (G.) Treatise on the Management of Freshwater Fish, 5*s.*—Bryce's (J.) First Principles of Geography, &c. royal 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—Burke's Landed Gentry, Supplementary Volume, royal 8vo. 15*s.* swd.—Banfield's (T. C.) Organisation of Industry, 2nd edit. 8vo. 5*s.* bds.—Boy's Own Book, new edit. square, 6*s.* bds.—Bramwell's (Rev. W.) Memoirs, &c. crown 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Carter's (S.) Midnight Effusions, &c. post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Chapters on Flowers, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 7th edit. 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Chickseed without Chickweed, new edit. 12mo. 1*s.* cl. swd.—Clarke's (C.) Letters to an Undergraduate of Oxford, fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Chretien's (C. P.) Essay on Logical Method, 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. XXIX. 12mo. 7*s.* cl.—City (The); or, Physiology of London Business, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 6*s.*—D'Orsey's (J. D.) Spelling by Dictation, 18mo. 1*s.* cl.—Drawing for Young Children, square, 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—Fleming's (R.) Rise and Fall of the Papacy, 3rd edit. 12mo. 2*s.* cl.—Fry's (Elizabeth), Life, by her Daughters, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.* cl.—Gilmer's (R.) Interest Tables, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5*s.* roan.—Gray's (A.) Genera of Plants in United States, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Graham's (J.) Composer's Text Book, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Halle's (H. F.) Exact Philosophy, Books I. and II. royal 12mo. 6*s.*—Home of the Lost Child, royal

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